THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2088.

ONLY A DREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

Rosaline sat in a daisy dell,
  Her feet all buried in flowers,
The skies, less blue than her violet eyes,
  Bathed her in their sunshine showers.
Rosaline sat with a heart all full
  Of dreams too sweet to be,
The birds sang loud in the birchen bough,
  And the world was fair to see!

Oh, if there were fays, thought Rosaline,
  And one should come floating by
In a little rose-leaf chariot
  To find where strawberries lie,
I would show her where the reddest grow,
  And then she would give to me
Something better than silver or gold,
  The blessing of wishes three!

My father and I dwell all alone,
  And his soul is full of care;—
So first I'd wish for purest joys
  To be his life-long share.
And then I'd wish for a lover true
  To come from the world to me,—
And all the joys of the whole great Earth,
  To make up my wishes three.

The bird sang sweet on the birchen spray,—
  The bee hummed idly by,—
The winds made music in the leaves,
  And the sunshine filled the sky.
But never a fay in a rose-leaf came,—
  And never came wishes three,—
So Rosaline put her dreams away
  And back to Life went she.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

MY GOVERNESS LIFE.

Another change in my life. Time went on. I was nineteen now, and for the last twelvemonth had remained at Mademoiselle Barlieu's to assist in the school, no longer as a scholar. Mademoiselle Barlieu and her sister had undertaken the responsibility of "placing me out," as my trustees phrased it, but a slight illness with which I was attacked—not a severe one, but lasting some time—caused them to be in no hurry, and they kept me on; they liked me, and I liked them.

Mr. and Mrs. Paler. They had come from England, intending to reside in Paris, had taken Nulle on their road, and were sojourning at the Lion d'Or—a sore spot in the memories of the Miss Barlieus. Mrs. Paler was inquiring for a governess for her children—some one, we understood, who spoke thoroughly English, French, and German.

"I think it might suit you, Anne," Mademoiselle Barlieu said to me. "They are quite respectable people, and the salary offered is sixty guineas."

I seized upon the idea eagerly. The word "Paris" had wrought its own charm. To be conveyed to that city of delight, appeared only a second name for entering a modern Elysium.

"Do let us go and see Mrs. Paler, mademoiselle! I might suit."

We proceeded to the Lion d'Or, never entered by me since the day I had gone to it to dine with Miss Johnstone's uncle. Miss Johnstone (if you are curious to hear,) had left at the end of a twelvemonth; and, some time after that, news came that she had married a bookseller in London.

The waiter ushered us into the bed chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Paler, French fashion. They had no private sitting-room, for the hotel was full at that time, and the sitting-rooms (there were but two to all that large hotel,) were previously engaged. He was a stout man, in gold spectacles, shy and silent; his wife, a tall, handsome woman, with large dark eyes and dark hair, talked enough for both of them.

"If you require a completely well educated young lady, a gentlewoman in every sense of the term, you cannot do better than engage Miss Hereford," spoke Mademoiselle Annette.

"But what's her religion?" abruptly asked Mrs. Paler. "I would not admit a Roman Catholic into my family if she paid me to come. Horrid Jesuits they all are."

Which, considering she was speaking to a Roman Catholic, and that a moment's consideration might have told her she was, was anything but complimentary or polite on the lady's part. Mademoiselle Annette's brown cheek deepened, and so did mine.

"I belong to the Church of England, madam," I answered.

"And with regard to singing?" resumed Mrs. Paler, passing to another qualification unceremoniously. "Have you a fine voice? a good style? can you teach it well?"

"I do not sing. Neither am I a very brilliant player. I have no great forte for music. What I do play, I play well, and can teach it well."

"There it is! Was there ever anything so tiresome?" grumbled Mrs. Paler. "I declare you cannot have everything, try as you will. Our last governess was first rate in music, quite a divine voice she had, and her style perfect; but, of all the barbarous accents in French and German, (not to speak of her wretched grammar,) hers were the worst. Now you are a good linguist, but no hand at music! What a worry it is!"

"May I ask what age your children are?" interposed Mademoiselle Annette, who could just speak sufficient English to understand and join in the conversation.

"The eldest is twelve."

"Then I can assure you Miss Hereford is quite sufficient musician for what you will want at present, madam. It is not always the most brilliant players who are the best instructors; our experience has taught us that the contrary is the case."

Mrs. Paler mused.

"Does she draw?"

"Excellently well," replied Mademoiselle Annette.

"I have a great mind to try her," debated Mrs. Paler, as if soliloquising with herself. "But I must just pay my husband the compliment of asking what he thinks; though I never allow any opinion of his to influence me. He is the shyest man! he went out, you saw, as you came in."

"When you have decided upon the point, madam, we shall be glad to receive your answer," observed Mademoiselle Annette, as she rose. "We may expect it probably in a day or two."

"A day or two!" repeated Mrs. Paler. "I must decide to day. There's not much time to lose, if I engage her, for we start for Paris the day after to-morrow, and she must accompany us."

So soon!

"Anne," began Mademoiselle Annette as we walked home, "I do not think that situation will suit you; you will never be comfortable in it."

"But why?" I eagerly rejoined, feeling that all my golden visions of Paris were dimmed by the words. "I think it would perfectly suit me, mademoiselle."

"That Madame Paler is not a nice lady; she is not a gentlewoman; she will not make you comfortable."

"I am willing to risk it."

"Well—there will be disagreeables and crosses wherever you go. All our lives are made up of trials; and none, save ourselves, can feel them; few, save ourselves, can see, or will believe in them. Many a governess, tossed and turned about in the world's tempest, weary of her daily task, sick of its monotony, is tempted no doubt to say, 'Oh that I were established as the Mesdemoiselles Barlieu are, with a home and school of my own!' But I can tell you, Anne, that often and often I and my sister envy the lot of the poorest governess out on her own account, because she is free from anxiety."

Ay, she spoke truly. Every individual lot has its peculiar trials, and none can mitigate them. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." I walked on by her side then, in my young inexperience, wondering whether *all* had these trials, whether they would come to me. It was my morning of life; when the unseen future looks as a bright and flowery dream. Mademoiselle Annette broke it.

"You will never forget, my dear, that you have a friend in us. Should you be in any trouble, should you be at any time out of a situation, come to us; our house is open to you."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mademoiselle Annette," I replied, grasping her hand. "I will try and do brave battle with the world's cares; I have not forgotten my mother's lessons."

"Anne," she gravely responded, "do not *battle*: rather welcome them."

Well, I was engaged. And, as the demoiselles Barlieu observed, it was not like my entering the house of people entirely strange, for they were acquainted with the family of Mr. Paler: himself they had never before seen, but two of his sisters had been educated in their establishment. There was some slight change made in the plans: instead of accompanying them to Paris, I was not to join them until they had been there a week or two. It would be more convenient for them to be settled first, remarked Mrs. Paler.

Not precisely in Paris did they fix their abode, but beyond the Barriere de l'Etoile. "Avenue de St. Cloud, Commune de Passy," was the address, and there I found them, established in a good house, when I reached Paris, having been conveyed thither by rail, under convoy of a lady, a friend of the Miss Barlieus.

"Are you Miss Hereford, the new governess?" demanded a young lady, as soon as I got in.

"Yes. I think I have had the pleasure of seeing you at Nulle," I answered, holding out my hand to her.

"That I'm sure you've not. I never was at Nulle. It was Kate and Harriet who went there with papa and mamma. I and Fanny and Grace came straight here last week from England, with nurse."

Now, strange to say, it had never occurred to me to ask Mrs. Paler, during our negociations, how many pupils I should have. Two children were with them at Nulle, the elder, Kate and Harriet, as this one now remarked, and I never supposed that there were others; I believed these would be my only pupils.—Never had the Miss Barlieus given a thought to there being more children.

"How many are you, my dear?"

"Oh, we are five."

"Am I to teach you all?"

"Of course. There's nobody else to teach us. And we have two little brothers, but they are quite in the nursery."

Had Mrs. Paler purposely concealed the number? or had it been the result of inadvertence? The thought that came over me was, that were I to engage a governess for five pupils, I should take care to mention that there were five. They all came flocking round me now, high-spirited, romping girls, difficult of control, their ages varying from six to twelve.

"Mamma and papa are out, but I don't suppose they'll be long. Do you want to see mamma?"

"I shall be glad to see her."

"Do you wish for anything to eat?" put in Miss Paler. "You can have what you like: dinner or tea; you have only to ring and order it. We have dined and had tea also. Mamma has not; but you don't take your meals with her."

When Mrs. Paler entered I was summoned to her.

"So you have got here safely, Miss Hereford?" was her salutation, spoken cordially enough. But she did not offer to shake hands with me.

"I have been making acquaintance with my pupils. I did not know there were so many."

"Did you not? Oh, you forgot; I have no doubt I mentioned it."

"I think not. I believed that the two Miss Palers I saw at Nulle were your only children."

"My only children! Good gracious, Miss Hereford, what an idea! Why, I have seven! and have lost two, which made nine, and shall have more yet, for all I know. You will take the five girls; five are as easily taught as two."

I did not dispute the words. I had come, intending and hoping to do my duty to the very utmost extent, whether it might be much or little. Though certainly the five pupils did look formidable in prospective, considering that I should have to teach them everything, singing excepted.

"I hope you will suit me," went on Mrs. Paler. "I have had many qualms of doubt since I engaged you. But I can't beat them into Mr. Paler: he turns round and politely tells me they are 'rubbish'—as any heathen might."

"Qualms of doubt as to my being but nineteen, or to my skill in music?" I asked.

"Neither; your age I never made an objection, and I dare say your music will do very well for the present. In a year or two's time, should you remain, I must go to the additional expense of a master for the two elder girls. My doubts all turn upon serious points, Miss Hereford. If I thought you would inoculate my daughters with Roman Catholic doctrines, I—"

"Mrs. Paler! Roman Catholic doctrines! I told you that I was a Protestant—of the Church of England. And I told you truth."

"But you have been living in a Roman Catholic establishment."

"So far as that the Miss Barlieus are Roman Catholics—yes. We—the English pupils—followed the customs and doctrines of our own religion. We attended the English church; we read our Bibles at home; we were often visited by the chaplain."

"But did the Miss Barlieus never try—in a sly, underhanded, insinuating way—to draw you over to Catholicism?"

"Never; never once, or for a moment," was my warm answer. "They are ever most cautious, most anxious, that the faith of the Protestant pupils should not be interfered with: it is regarded with reverence and respect. Were one of the English girls to become imbued with Catholic tenets, I am sure the Miss Barlieus would look upon it as a deep misfortune."

"Of course—in one light," assented Mrs. Paler. "They know on which side their bread's buttered, and such a calamity would be the ruin of their school. But now—can you tell me from your heart, Miss Hereford, that you hate all Roman Catholics?"

I looked at her in amazement. What did she mean? And she looked at me, sternly enough, waiting for my answer.

"I do not like the Romish religion. I think it one that enslaves women's minds and hearts and wills; and that it drives men to the next door to atheists," was my impulsive answer. "I would as soon become a Mormon as a Roman Catholic; I would as soon turn myself into a disciple of Brother Prince at the Agapemone. But I do not hate the Roman Catholics, Mrs. Paler: on the contrary, there are many of them whom I dearly respect and love."

"You do!"

"Oh, yes. Believe me, there are as excellent Christians among them as there are among us: striving to fulfill their obligations in this world, hoping and working on for a better."

"You are ultra tolerant, Miss Hereford."

"I hope not. I should be sorry to think that people, gifted with heart and sense and intellect, could be less tolerant than I. Whatever a person's religion may be, he can serve God if he will: a Roman Catholic, if he be a good Christian, will get to Heaven as soon as we shall. We may—we must—heartily wish that he had been born to a more enlightened faith; but he was not; and we can but hope he will do his best duty, so far as in him lies."

"How have you learnt these sentiments?"

"I do not think I have *learnt* them. I am naturally thoughtful."

"And fond of expressing your opinions."

"Not unless I am asked for them—and not on all subjects. But it was right for me to answer you fully upon this point, Mrs. Paler."

"And you will be quite sure not to seek to turn my daughters from their religion? You will give me your word."

But for the weighty importance of the subject, I should have burst out laughing in her face. Did she take me for a Jesuit, whose business it is to make proselytes; or a female Mormon in disguise; or a "sister" in the secret pay of the tractarian party? or what did she take me for? I had a great mind to ask.

"You may have my word if you think it necessary, Mrs. Paler. Your children have been reared in the same faith that I have: there is little fear, then, that I should strive to undermine it: I know of none better in the world."

"Well, you must excuse my anxiety, Miss Hereford. The alarming number of Converts to Romanism which we have of late years been obliged to witness, must make us all fearful."

"Perverts, if you please," cried a voice behind us, and I turned round to behold Mr. Paler. "When I hear of our folks going over to the Romish faith, I always suspect they are those who have not done their duty in their own. A man may find all he wants in his own religion, if he only looks out for it."

"Oh, that's very true," I exclaimed, my eyes sparkling, glad, somehow, to hear him say it. "It is what I have been trying to express to Mrs. Paler."

"She has got her head full of the danger there is that her children should turn into rampant, red hot Catholics—I suppose because we are in a Catholic country," he resumed, looking at his wife through his glasses. "She'll talk about it till she turns into one herself, if she doesn't mind: that's the way the mania begins. There's no more fear of the children turning Catholics, than there is of my turning Dutchman. Well, Miss Hereford, and what sort of weather have you had lately down at Nulle?"

"Not very fine. Yesterday it poured with rain all day."

"Ah. That would make it pleasant for travelling, though."

"Yes: it laid the dust."

"Did you travel alone?"

"Oh, no; the Miss Barlieus would not have allowed it. It is not etiquette in France for a young, unmarried lady to go anywhere alone: they think it wrong. An acquaintance of theirs, Madame Bernadotte, who was journeying to Paris, accompanied me."

"Well, I hope you will be comfortable here," he concluded.

"Thank you," was my answer; and, believing I was not further wanted, quitted the room. Another minute, however, and I was summoned back to it. Mrs. Paler was alone then.

"Miss Hereford, you have been reared in seclusion, mostly in school, and probably know little of the *convenances* of life. You will not be offended if I set you right upon a point—I have no doubt you have erred, not from want of respect, but from lack of knowledge."

What in the world had I done? Of course I said I should be obliged to her to set me right, if found wrong.

"You are a governess; you hold a dependent situation in my house. Is it not so?"

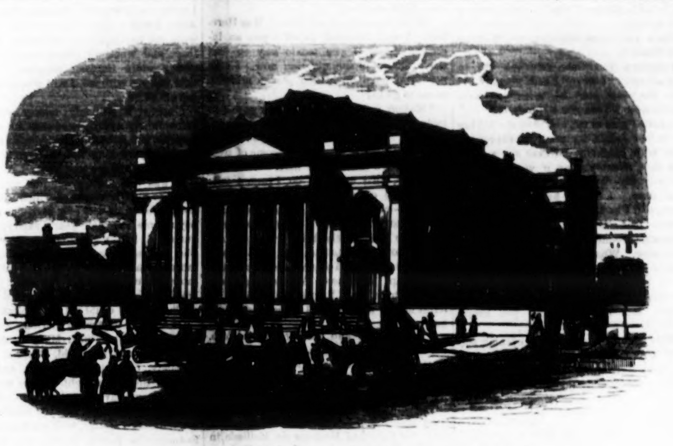
"Certainly it is," I answered, wondering much.

"Then never forget that a certain amount of respect in manner is due to myself and to Mr. Paler. To you we are 'madam' and 'sir,' and I beg that we may be always addressed as such."

I curtsied and turned away, the burning color dyeing my face. It was my first lesson in dependence. But Mrs. Paler was right; and I was vexed with myself to have forgotten that I was only a governess. Misplaced rebellion rose in my heart, whispering that I had been born a lady. A moment's common-sense reflection drove it away, and brought the firm resolution never so to transgress again.

But what a life of toil I entered upon! and—where were my dreams of Paris? Have you forgotten that they came to me, in all their beautiful delusion? I did not. Delusive hopes are always the sweetest.

When I had stayed three months at Mrs. Paler's I had never once been into Paris further than the Champs Elysees. Save that we went in every Sunday morning in a closed carriage to the Ambassador's chapel, I saw nothing of Paris. The streets may have been of crystal, the fountains of malachite marble, the houses of burnished gold, for all I witnessed of them—and I believe my warm imagination had pictured something of the like resplendence. There was no pleasure for me;



THE REV. MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE, IN LONDON.

We are warranted in drawing special attention to this chapel by the amount of interest which it has excited in London and England generally. Visitors to London are almost sure to pay a visit to "Spurgeon's Chapel." Whether they succeed in hearing the preacher is another question altogether, for every Sunday hundreds are excluded, as the building, vast as it is, will not hold all that come. Long before the hour for opening the doors, streams of people are concentrating at the Tabernacle. Seat-holders are admitted at a side door before the general public are allowed to enter, and as every seat—or almost every seat—is let, the result is that when the doors are opened, and the public are admitted, nothing but standing-room can be obtained. Most people, however, are very well content to find standing room, and in all parts of the building—thanks to the architect—we may see Mr. Spurgeon's face and hear Mr. Spurgeon's voice. The assembly of the crowds outside is in itself a great sight. There are dense, compact masses swarming everywhere around the chapel, like people round opera-house doors on a Jenny Lind night. Very dissatisfied are those who have to go away after an hour's patient waiting, and crowds still linger around the doors in hopes that somebody will come out and make room for somebody else. Outside also are policemen, and carriages of all sorts, from my lord's carriage, with its emblazoned panels, to the humble four-wheeled cab. 'Busses drive a great trade, as the people who attend Spurgeon live at all parts of the town, and comparatively few possess a carriage of their own, or care to hire a cab. The scene outside the building on Sundays—or, indeed, any day that the chapel is open—is particularly exciting. Throngs of people who have no intention of going in, stop to look at the throngs of people who have that intention, and to pass their comments on the structure, or the preacher.

The exterior of the building presents nothing very attractive to the eye, except in its magnificent *facade*. The lofty frontage, supported by six Corinthian pillars, forms a noble portico, the ascent to which is made by a broad flight of steps. The grandeur and boldness of this part of the building are deserving of the highest praise, and are, of their kind, altogether unrivalled. The length of the Tabernacle on the outside is 200 feet; its breadth is 104 feet. It is provided with sixteen doors for the exit and entrance of the congregation, besides one or more private entrances; and it is lighted and ventilated by a number of handsome windows and Louvre lights in the roof. The inside dimensions of the chapel are 146 feet long by 81 feet wide; the height is 62 feet. The roof is concave; the ceiling supported by sixteen iron shafts; the pillars being ornamented with capitals, and united at the top by semi circular arches. There are two galleries of light iron-work, painted white and relieved with gilding. The pulpit is quite unique. It is a capacious gallery, with a table, a desk, and "a sofa for the preacher's use." It is large enough to accommodate twenty or thirty people. The walls are painted a light green, and the pews are stained of an oak color, and are unprovided with doors. The rostrum is reached by a private staircase at the back, as well as by a double flight of stairs from the platform below. The baptistry is of white marble. The effect of the whole appearance of the building is exceedingly light and agreeable; there is no extravagant display—no ostentatious ornament, neither is there any barrenness or show of poverty—everthing is well done, and the place is made to hold more than 6,000 persons—namely, 4,200 sittings, and standing-room for about 2,000.

A building such as this is unquestionably one of the sights of London, and is well worthy of a visit on its own account, to say nothing of its minister. But a visitor who would obtain admission had best procure the entree of a seat-holder, so as to secure an early admission; failing this, he must be content to go early and wait long, and take his chance of standing-room when the doors are opened. It is probable that this immense building—exciting the emulation of other denominations—may lead to the erection of similar structures. If the denomination of Baptists can raise $150,000 for one chapel, what limit can be placed upon the efforts of Independents or Wesleyans? But what is really wanted, is not great chapels, but great preachers; when the latter are secured, the former becomes easy.

no going out; my days were one lasting scene of toil.

I am not going to complain unjustly of Mrs. Paler's situation, or to make it out worse than it was. It has become much the fashion of late years—I may say a mania—to set forth the sorrows and ill treatment that governesses have to endure: were the other side of the question to be taken up, it might be seen that ladies have as much to bear from governesses. There are good places, and there are bad ones; and there are admirable governesses, as well as undesirable and most incapable ones: perhaps the good and bad, on both sides, are about equally balanced. I was well treated at Mrs. Paler's; a generous diet, and a maid to wait upon me in conjunction with the two elder girls; when they had visitors in an evening I was admitted on an equality (at any rate, to appearance); I had respect paid me by the servants; and I was not found fault with by Mr. and Mrs. Paler. Could I desire better than this? No. But I was overworked.

Put it to yourselves what it was, if you have any experience in teaching. Five girls, all in different stages of advancement, to learn everything, from German and good English, down to needlework. The worst task was the music; the drawing lessons I could give conjointly. All five learnt it, piano and harp, and two of them, the second and the youngest but one, were so wild and unsteady that they could not be trusted to practise one instant alone. I was up every morning at half past six to begin the music lessons, and I was usually up till twelve and one o'clock the next morning correcting exercises, for I could not find time to do them in the day. "Make time," says somebody. I could only have made it by neglecting the children.

Our last governess never did a thing after six in the evening," Kate said to me one day. "You should not be so particular, Miss Hereford."

"But she did not get you on, to your mamma's satisfaction."

"No, indeed: mamma sent her away because of that. She did not care whether we advanced or not. All she cared for was to get the lessons over anyhow."

Just so: it had been eye service. As I could have told by their ignorance when I took the girls in hand. My dear mother had enjoined me differently: "Whatever you undertake, Anne, let it be done to the very best of your ability: do it as to God; as though His eye and ear were ever present with you."

I appealed to Mrs. Paler: telling her I could not continue to work as I was doing, and asking what could be done.

"Oh, nonsense, Miss Hereford. You must be a bad economiser of time. The other governesses I have had did not complain of being over worked."

"But, madam, did they do their duty?"

"Middling for that—but then they were incorrigibly lazy. We are *quite* satisfied with you, Miss Hereford, and you must manage your time so as to afford yourself more leisure."

I suggested to Mrs. Paler that she should get help for part of the music lessons, but she would not hear of it; so I had to go on, doing my best: but to do that best overtaxed my strength sadly. Mrs. Paler might have had more consideration: she saw that I rarely went out; one hurried walk in a week perhaps, and the drive to church on Sunday. My pupils walked out every day, taken by one or other of the servants; but they did not go together; two or three stayed with me while the rest went, and when they came back to me these went. Mrs. Paler insisted upon my giving an hour of music to each child daily, which made five hours a day for music alone. The confinement and the hard work, perhaps the broken spirits, began to tell upon me, nervous headaches came on, and I wrote to the Miss Barlieus, asking what I should do. I wrote the letter on a Sunday, I am sorry to say, failing time on a week day. "Of course you went out on a Sunday afternoon," exclaims the reader. No. Mrs. Paler protested that nothing but sin and gallavanting was to be seen out of doors on a French Sunday; and, once home from church, we were boxed up for the rest of the day: she did not go out herself, or suffer anybody else to go; Mr. Paler excepted: he took the reins into his own hands.

The Miss Barlieus answered me sensibly: it was Miss Annette who wrote. "Put up with it to the close of your year from the time of entrance," she said. "It is never well for a governess to leave her situation before the year is up, if it can be avoided; and were you to do so some ladies might urge it as an objection to making another engagement with you. Give Mrs. Paler ample notice—three months, we believe, is the English usage—and endeavor to part with her amicably. She must see that her situation is beyond your strength."

I took the advice, and in June gave Mrs. Paler warning, having entered her house in September. She was angry, and affected to believe I would not go. I asked her respectfully to put herself in idea in my place, and candidly say whether or not the work was too hard. She muttered something about "over-conscientiousness;" that I should get along better without it. Nothing more was said; nothing satisfactory decided, and the time went on again to the approach of September. I wondered how I must set about looking out for another asylum; I had no time to look out, no opportunity.

"Miss Hereford, mamma told me to say that we shall be expected in the drawing-room to-night: you, and I, and Harriet. She has some friends coming."

"Many, do you think, Kate?" demanded Harriet, looking through the wires of the bar pat her sister.

"Pretty well, I fancy," returned Kate," but I only heard two names. The De Mellissies and the Gordons."

"What De Mellissies are those?" I inquired, the name striking upon my ear with a thrill of remembrance.

"What De Mellissies are those! why, the De Mellissies," returned Kate, girl fashion. "She is young and very pretty: I saw her when I was out with mamma in the carriage the other day."

"Is she English or French?"

"English, I'll vow. No French tongue could speak English as she does."

"When you answer in that free, abrupt manner, Kate, you greatly displease me," I interposed. "It is most unladylike."

Kate laughed; said she was free-spoken by nature, like her mamma (which was true), and it was of no use trying to be otherwise. I waited impatiently for the evening.

It was Emily. Gay mannered, laughing, lovely as ever, she came into the saloon on her husband's arm, wearing a pink silk dress and wreath of roses. Mr. De Mellissie looked ill; at least he was pale and thinner than when I had seen him at Nulle. She either did not or would not remember me: as the evening drew on I felt sure that she did not, for she spoke cordially enough to me, though as to an utter stranger. It happened that we were quite alone once, in the recess of a window, and I interrupted what she was saying about a song.

"Have you quite forgotten me, Madame De Mellissie?"

"Forgotten you!" she returned, with a quick glance. "I never knew you, did I?"

"In the years gone by, when you were Miss Chandos. I am Anne Hereford."

A puzzled gaze at me, and then she hid her face in her hands, its penitent expression mixed with laughter. "Never say a word about that naughty time, if you love me: everybody says it ought to be buried five fathoms deep. I might have known you, though, had I had my wits about me, for it is the same face. But you have grown out of all knowledge—not that you are anything of a size now. What an escapade that was! the staid Demoiselles Barlieu will never overget it. I shall pay them a visit some day. Were *you* shocked at it?"

"Yes. But—has it brought you happiness?"

"Who talks of happiness at evening soirees? You must be as unsophisticated as ever, Anne Hereford."

What a strange change had come over her face!"

CHAPTER XII.

CHANDOS HOUSE. MRS. CHANDOS.

It was the morning succeeding to this soiree. I had quitted the young ladies for a moment, to read a letter in my own room, just came in from the Miss Barlieus—a very kind letter, telling me to go back to them while I looked out for a fresh situation, should I not find one before leaving my present one—when the door suddenly opened, without any ceremony of knocking, and Mrs. Paler came in with a white face and an open letter.

What could be the matter with her? She looked scared, sick, terrified; and she panted for breath, as she essayed to speak, with agitation or with passion.

"Here's news!" she brought out at length, her voice rising to a scream, "here's news to come upon me like a thunderbolt! Does he expect me to live through it?"

"Oh, Mrs. Paler, what has happened? You look ill and terrified. Will you not tell me?"

"What else have I come for but to tell you?" she retorted, speaking in a tone that betrayed as much anger as agitation. "I went to the study after you, and frightened the girls; they were for following me here, so I locked them in. I must tell some one, or my feelings will burst bounds, for they always were of a demonstrative nature. Not like *his*, the sly, quiet fox!"

My fears flew to Mr. Paler. He had been in England some time, ever since the middle of May. Though I did not understand her anger, or the last words.

"You have had news from Mr. Paler, madam?" I uttered. "Some harm has happened to him?"

"Harm! yes, it has. Harm to me and my children, though, more than to him. Miss Hereford, he has just gone and ruined himself."

"How?" I asked, feeling grieved and puzzled.

"It was always his mania, that turf gambling, and as a young man he got out of thousands at it. I thought how it would be; I declare I did; when he became restless, here in Paris, just before the Epsom meeting, and at last went off to it. 'You'll drop some hundreds over it, if you do go,' I said to him. 'Not I,' was his retort, 'since I have had children to drop hundreds over, I don't spare them for race horses.' A wicked, reckless man!"

"And has he—dropped the hundreds, madam?"

"Hundreds!" she shrieked; and then, looking covertly round the room, as if fearful others might be listening, sunk her voice to a whisper: "He has lost thirty thousand pounds."

"Oh!" I exclaimed in my horror. Mrs. Paler wrung her hands.

"Thirty thousand pounds, every pound of it—and I hope remorse will haunt him to his dying day. Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood—I know not what courses he has not visited this summer, and has betted frantically at all. The mania was upon him again, and he could not stop himself. He is lying ill now at Doncaster, at one of the inns there, and his brother writes; tells me he dare not conceal the facts any longer."

"Shall you not go over to him? He—"

"I go over to him!" she interrupted; "I would not go over to him if he were dying. But that my children are his, I would never live with him, or notice him again: I would get a divorce if I could, were it not for them. You looked shocked, Miss Hereford, but you cannot realize what such tidings as these must be until you are married. Do you think a man has any *right*, wilfully, to bring disgrace and misery upon his wife and children?"

"Oh, madam—no!"

"It is my wilfulness come home to me," she wildly exclaimed, as if in soliloquy. "They told me how it would be, sooner or later, if I persisted in marrying James Paler; but I did persist, I would not listen to them. My mother and sisters will say it serves me right."

I longed to ask, yet scarcely dared, whether they were quite ruined.

"It is nearly equivalent to it" she said: "it will take from us more than half our income; and present debt and embarrassment it must bring. Ah! see how some things—trifles—happen sometimes for the best! I thought it a great misfortune to lose you, but I am glad of it now, for I am sure I can no longer afford an expensive governess. Nor many servants either. Oh, woe's me!"

I stood looking at her distress with great pity, feeling that Mr. Paler must be next kin to a madman. And yet I had liked him: he was most affectionate to his children, and solicitous for the comfort of his household. Mrs. Paler resumed.

"Your time is up in a fortnight, Miss Hereford. I had intended to offer you an increased salary if you would stay on—but that's all out of the question now. I suppose you have no settled plans; no fresh home to go to?"

"Madam, it has not been in my power to look out for one."

"True. Yet it is better that you should go. I don't know what may become of us—how soon we must leave here. Where we shall live, what we shall do, I cannot tell: go to some obscure place in Germany—or Scotland—or Wales, and economise: anywhere that it's cheap. I wonder that such men, who deliberately bring ruin on their families, are permitted to live! But now—we must try and find you another situation."

"Perhaps Madame de Mellissie may hear of something, and I think she would interest herself for me. If I knew how to see her."

"You can go and see her," replied Mrs. Paler, "you can go to-day, and call upon her. Never mind the studies: I feel as if I should not care if the girls never learnt anything again—with this dreadful blow upon them."

You may be sure I did not wait for a second permission, but proceeded to the hotel (as it was called) of Madame de Mellissie in the Rue Richelieu. I speak of old Madame de Mellissie, for it was her house, and her son and daughter in law lived with her. Emily was at home, surrounded by morning callers, quite a crowd of them. She looked intensely surprised at seeing me; was, or I thought it, rather distant and haughty in manner; and, pointing to a chair, desired me to wait. Did she deem I had presumptiously intruded *as* one of those morning callers? Very humbly waited I until the last had gone: schooling myself to remember that I was but a poor governess, while she was Madame Alfred de Mellissie, *nee* Miss Chandos.

"And so you have found me out, and have come to pay me a visit, Miss Hereford!"

"I have come as a petitioner, rather than as a visitor, Madame de Mellissie. Can you spare me five minutes?"

"I can spare you ten if you like, now those loungers are gone."

I forthwith told my tale. That I was leaving Mrs. Paler's, where I was overworked: that I had thought it possible she might know of some situation open: if so, would she kindly recommend me?

"The idea, Anne Hereford, of your coming to me with such an errand! As if I troubled myself about vacant situations! Is Mrs. Paler sending you away?"

"I gave Mrs. Paler warning last June, to leave this month. I have wished to leave almost ever since I entered, but it was better to remain the year."

"Because there is a rumor current in Paris this morning that James Paler has been idiot enough to go and ruin himself on the turf," she rejoined. "That he has lost a great deal of money is certain, for the newspapers allude to it. Thank goodness, Alfred has no weakness that way, though he is empty headed enough. Is it not a dreadful life, that of a governess?"

"At Mrs. Paler's it has been one of incessant toil. I hope to go where the duties will be lighter. It is not the life I like, or would have chosen: but we must bend to circumstances."

"That's true enough. I will ask all my friends in Paris if they—By the way," she abruptly broke off, speaking with slow deliberation, "I wonder if—if—you would do—if you would like something else?"

I made no reply; only waited for her to explain herself.

"The case is this, Miss Hereford," she resumed, assuming a light manner. "We were to have gone to Chandos last month, but Madame de Mellissie has been ailing, and Alfred said it would not do to leave her. This morning we had a half dispute over it. There's nothing much the matter with her, and, as I said, she may hold out like this for years, or may recover and be well again. Were she in danger, it would be a different matter, but it's quite unreasonable, to keep me away from Chandos for nothing but this. Monsieur Alfred was vexed, said he should not quit her, and moreover did not, himself, feel well enough to travel—for he has a sort of gastric fever hanging over him. Then I said I should go without him; 'With great pleasure, he complacently replied, provided I would engage a lady as companion, but alone, he would not trust me, I was too light-headed. Complimentary to my discretion, was it not?"

I could not deny it—in a certain sense.

"But the bargain was made; it was indeed. I am to look out for a companion, and then we may be off the next hour on our road to England, destination Chandos. Would you like to take the place?"

A thousand thoughts flew over me at the abrupt question, crowding my mind, dyeing my cheeks. The prospect, at the first blush, appeared like a haven of rest after Mrs. Paler's. But—what would be my duties?—and was *I*, a comparative child, fit for the post? Should I be deemed fit by Monsieur de Mellissie?

"What should I have to do?" I asked.

"What I please," laughed she. "You must amuse me when I am tired, read to me when I like, play to me when I like, be ready to go out when I want you, give orders to my maid for me, write my letters when I am too idle, and stick yourself at my side to play propriety between this and Chandos. Those are the onerous duties of a dame de compagnie, are they not? but I have had no experience in the matter. Could you undertake them?"

"Are you speaking seriously, Madame de Mellissie?"

"Of course I am. Stop, though. About the payment. I could not afford to give much, for my purse has a hole at both ends of it, and I am dreadfully poor. I suppose you have had a high salary at Mrs. Paler's?"

"Sixty guineas."

"Oh, don't talk of it," she exclaimed, stopping her ears. "I wish I could give it; but I never could squeeze out more than twenty. Anne, I will make a bargain with you; go with me to Chandos, stop during my visit there, and when we return here I will get you a more lucrative situation. For the time you are with me, I will give you what I can afford."

I accept it willingly; money wore little value in my eyes. Somewhat to my own surprise, Mr. Alfred de Mellissie also accepted it willingly, making not the least objection. A few days, and we were to start.

It was well money did not wear much value to me (the secret of which was, I had not yet found its uses,) for Mrs. Paler put off paying me my half year's salary. Thirty guineas I had received, thirty were owing. She said she was very short, failing remittances from Mr. Paler, that it would be far more convenient to her to pay me in a few week's time, and she would forward it to me at Chandos. I could not well object.

On a lovely September morning we started for Boulogne sur mer: Madame Alfred de Mellissie, I, and her maid, Pauline: arrived in safety, crossed the Channel, and got to London the same night. There we stayed, and the next day went down to Chandos, a journey of fifty miles. At the terminus was a handsome carriage, with a coachman and footman—its panels bearing the imposing arms of the Chandos family, surmounted by the badge of England's baronetage, the bloody hand. The servants lifted their hands to their hats, and respectfully welcomed Madame de Mellissie.

"Is mamma well?" she inquired of them.

"Quite well, madam."

"And my brother? Why is he not here?"

"Mr. Chandos, madam, was obliged to attend a county meeting."

"Those ponderous county meetings!" she retorted. "And they never do any good.—Step in, Miss Hereford."

We were soon whirling along, Pauline sitting outside with the footman. Madame de Mellissie looked out on the points of road as we passed, with all the glee of a child.

"This is my second visit only to Chandos since my marriage. For two years mamma was implacable, would not see me; but last year she relented, and I and Alfred were invited. We stayed six weeks. I don't believe, though, mamma will ever forgive me in her heart. I'm sorry now."

"Sorry for having—having married as you did?"

"Ay, I am. Those rebellious marriages never bring luck. They can't, you know; only, girls are so thoughtless and stupid. I made my own bed, and must lie on it: it is not so bad as it might have been, but—of course, all that's left is to make the best of it. I am glad of one thing—that I have no children. And there, in the distance, you see the chimneys of Chandos. Look, Anne!"

She was wayward in her moods, wayward to me as to others. Sometimes she would be distantly polite, calling me "Miss Hereford;" the next moment open and cordial as ever she had been at school. A suspicion grew upon me that she found how sadly she had thrown herself away in a worldly point of view; that her marriage was bitterly repented of. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BALLOON RECONNOISANCE.

The other afternoon, the long promised balloon ascension for military purposes took place. The elevation attained was not very great, though it was perfectly satisfactory as an experiment. The æronauts were Prof. Lowe, Gen. Burns, of the Telegraph Company, and H. C. Robinson, operator. The balloon was connected with the War Department by telegraph. The first message ever telegraphed from a balloon was then sent to the United States by Prof. Lowe. It was as follows:—

BALLOON ENTERPRISE,
WASHINGTON, June 17,

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. STATES:

SIR: This point of observation commands an area nearly fifty miles in diameter. The city, with its girdle of encampments, presents a superb scene. I take great pleasure in sending you this first dispatch ever telegraphed from an ærial station, and in acknowledging my indebtedness to your encouragement for the opportunity of demonstrating the availability of the science of æronautics in the military service of the country.

"Yours, respectfully,
"T. S. C. LOWE."

Mr. Lincoln was very much pleased with the experiment, and endorsed it as certain ultimately to prove of great value in military movements.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Prof. Lowe made another balloon ascension this morning, and was, as before, provided with means of telegraphing his reconnoisances. He distinctly saw the rebel encampments at Fairfax Court House. The result of his discoveries remains a secret with the authorities of the War Department. President Lincoln also made an ascension. The telegraph wire runs up to the balloon, where an operator is stationed, and thus puts the æronaut and War Department in constant communication.

☞ To obviate the effects of hard or limestone water, it is recommended to soldiers "to place in the canteen a small quantity of *table salt*, about a thimblefull to a quart canteen; it will thoroughly neutralize the effects of the water on the stomach and prevent dysentery."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$5,00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four "	5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	30,00
Forty (and a paper extra, and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	40,00

A VALUABLE PREMIUM.—We will give as a book Premium, LIPPINCOTT'S FAMOUS PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD. This is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,182 closely printed pages and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe.

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of THE GAZETTEER, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, WE WILL GIVE THE GAZETTEER AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—WE WILL GIVE THE GAZETTEER AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1.25 apiece—WE WILL GIVE THE GAZETTEER AS A PREMIUM.

THE PRICE OF THIS WORK IN THE STORES IS $6.00.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

PRIVATEERING.

The assertion made to Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, by "the very highest authority," that numerous applications for privateering commissions have been made to Jeff. Davis by the shipowners of New England and the Middle States, is no doubt a wholesale slander. That there are a few such traitors among the shipowners of the North—a very numerous body—is very probable—men who would go to privateering upon their own people, or to piracy itself, if they thought it would pay—but as to there being many of this class, we do not believe a word of it. As to Mr. Jeff. Davis himself, the *N. Y. Times* says:—"We have not the slightest hesitation in appealing to nearly every army officer who has ever been brought into close contact with him, for evidence of the fact that he is notoriously reckless of the truth or falsehood of his statements."

We beg our readers to remember, in this connection, what privateering is. It is, in the majority of cases, the plundering of the property of private individuals at sea, by men who care not for any principle involved, but simply for the plunder itself. It is the same as the employment of a company of volunteers on land—not to fight the enemy's forces—but to break open private houses, and plunder the contents. On land, this is justly considered abominable. Every decent commander punishes all interference with the persons or property of non-combatants.

What the U. S. forces require in the disloyal states, if private property, is fairly paid for—while all armed bodies of "cowboys" and "skinners" are repressed with the strong hand. Now privateering at sea is simply the authorizing of marine "cowboys" and marine "skinners." It is a practice that ought to be abolished. It would be at this time partly abolished, had not Mr. Marcy endeavored to combine in a common prohibition the equally reprehensible practice of the plunder of private property at sea by the vessels belonging to regular navies. Mr. Marcy said, the whole practice is wrong; on land the regular forces do not plunder private property, any more than the irregular ones are allowed to; why then should the navy of England be allowed to plunder private property at sea, and privateers be prohibited?—He wished, and offered for America, to include all buccaneering in a common prohibition. But England, selfish as inconsistent, wished to reserve practically the right of buccaneering to herself, by means of her large regular service, while she denied it to us, who could only use irregulars—as if the harm were not in the thing itself, but in the character of the ships which did it.

It is curious to note the real or affected ignorance of the English journals and statesmen upon this point. They do not seem to realize that their proposition relative to privateering, was the mean and disgraceful one; and ours—with the proposed total prohibition of all buccaneering—the manly, honorable, and only effective course. It is so nevertheless—and neither ignorant nor wilful blindness can make it otherwise.

THE WAR.

The collision between the two rival masses of troops now gathered in Virginia, can hardly be much longer delayed, except by another retreat on the part of the Disunionists. If water be as scarce an article as it is said to be in the neighborhood of Manassas Junction, and whiskey be also as deficient in quantity as it probably is, Beauregard must either fall back upon his next line of defence, of which Fredericksburg is the main position, or else take the risk of a battle. A Richmond correspondent of a Southern paper, after alluding to the disadvantage to which they were exposed by the Union forces having command of the sea, and being superior in number, says that their policy was to hold the Federal forces in check on their right (on the seaboard), to turn them on the left, and then attack them on the centre. The abandonment of Harper's Ferry, which has been followed by a retreat on Winchester, and the inaugurating of offensive movements from the new base, menacing both the Pennsylvania and the Western columns of advance, may indicate a disposition to take advantage of a favorable opportunity to unite with the main body in an attack upon Alexandria and Arlington Heights; and yet the risk of total discomfiture in such a movement is so great, that we do not think it will be attempted.—Still, history proves that even able Generals, blinded sometimes perhaps by Providence, may do very foolish things.

In the meantime, the strengthening of the United States forces goes constantly on—both in the respect of numbers and of positions. The environs of Washington will soon be, and are to a great extent already, a series of entrenched camps, reasonably impregnable even to greatly superior forces. Men will soon be in abundance—every week must add three men to the Union forces where one is added to the secession strength—and the moment a clear preponderance of force is established, offensive operations can be safely undertaken, it may be from Fortress Monroe on the East, from Western Virginia on the West, and from Washington on the centre. Of course defeat is possible—but the defences of Washington once completed, defeat will not be utter discomfiture. The true men for the hour will begin to grow apparent, the wrong men will retire into the background, and that determined, unalterable spirit which is the birthright of our people, will pluck victory anew out of the very jaws of disaster. Any one who knows the people of these Union States, their natural temper, their present spirit, knows that they mean to triumph in this war, at whatever cost—either to themselves or to others. We believe this to be the solemn, unalterable determination of ninety-nine men out of every hundred in the loyal states. They are desirous of triumphing with as little cost as possible to their own interests, and to the interests of others, even of the rebellious states; but they mean to triumph—if it be possible to man. Reverses will only enrage, not dispirit them. No one defeat, not even a series of defeats, will dishearten them—until their right hand be fairly paralyzed by weakness, and refrains from striking simply because it can strike no longer. Such we believe to be the temper of the nineteen millions of loyal people in these United States. They believe it to be a contest for Nationality, for undisturbed Centuries of Future Peace, for Republicanism itself, for Freedom from European Intrigue, for the Proper Development of the American Form of Life, for Everything that is Vital, peculiar to us as a New People, and which has its root in our Revolution, our Declaration of Independence, and our Union. If defeated, all that our fathers achieved they fear to be in danger. And thus it is that this contest is viewed as of such almost infinite importance, and therefore not to be given up while the last hope of success remains.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.—The indications are that the great body of the English people sympathize much more strongly with the United States, than what one would be disposed to think, judging by the London press and by certain proceedings in Parliament.—Of late, even these last seem to be growing more favorable, Mr. Gregory being compelled by the general sentiment of the House of Commons to withdraw his motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy—and *The Times* commenting upon the withdrawal as follows: "This little episode in one night's Parliamentary sitting should be enough to convince *the Northern Americans* how foolish and ungrateful were the orations of their diplomatic representatives at Paris, the other day. *Short of joining the Northern States against the Confederates, as demanded by one of the speakers, there is nothing that the British nation and legislature have not done for the American people.*"

While we confess that we cannot see it so, we hope the expression of such an opinion betokens one of those frequent changes in tone for which *The Times* is noted—and that the cause of said change is the well-known determination of that paper always to represent the public sentiment of England. In fact *The Times* may be very justly called, in view alike of its sudden conversions and many of its editorial articles, a second Vicar of Bray.

THE BEST JOKE YET.—They have collected $500 in Charleston, S. C., in aid of the family of Jackson, who murdered Ellsworth—and invested it for them in a "*Confederate States'*" *bond!*

CONSISTENCY.

The *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—the organ, we believe, of the *British Anti-Slavery Society*—argues that, *if successful*, the Southern Confederacy ought to be recognized by the British Government. The *Reporter* says:—

"With what degree of consistency could the government of this country refuse to recognize, or treat with, the Cotton Confederacy, on the ground of the immorality of its institutions, when *we are consuming the proceeds of the gross iniquity*, and are thereby *encouraging* and fostering it to the uttermost extent of our power? A refusal based upon such considerations, would be *sheer hypocrisy and cant*, and we should expose ourselves to the just ridicule of the whole world."

The *Anti Slavery Reporter* considers the use of slave-grown cotton as "encouraging" and "fostering" a "gross iniquity." And, therefore, to be "*consistent*," the *Reporter* thinks they ought to recognize the country where the cotton comes from—a refusal to do so being "sheer hypocrisy and cant," and exposing them to the "just ridicule of the whole world."

This amusing mode of being "consistent," reminds us of an anecdote we saw recently of an English total abstinence man. He had gone into the distillery business—finding it likely to be profitable. Upon being questioned as to the consistency of a teetotaller's engaging in the manufacture of liquors, he replied that he was quite consistent—that the moment he went into his new business, he began drinking wine regularly for dinner!

COMPARATIVE TALENT.

We could not help being amused the other day. A gentleman was talking in a rather discouraged way about the superiority of talent among the military leaders of the Disunion forces.

Well, said we, suppose a bargain could be made—and we could obtain the "distinguished services," as the diplomatists say, of Beauregard, Jef. Davis, General Lee, and any other half-dozen that you can name; we, on our side, simply giving in exchange old Gen. Scott, with as much life as he has in him—do you think it would be well to do it? The answer was, as we expected, unhesitatingly in the negative. With all our friend's appreciation of Secession talent, he was not willing to exchange "old Chapultepec" for their nine best men!

In the same way, the number of withdrawals from the regular U. S. naval service is also frequently exaggerated—the fact being that leaving out the unimportant class of acting midshipmen, a decided majority of the officers even from the Southern States, remain in the navy; not one fifth of the whole number of officers having resigned—and of those who have, a large proportion probably already regretting it.

It is about time that editors and telegraphic correspondents learned that there is no such title as commodore in our navy. There are captains, commanders, lieutenants, and midshipmen, and no other grades in our naval service.

Very true—and it is about time also that both editors and legislators learned that there should be Commodores in our navy. The affectation which pretends to revolt from proper words to designate proper stations is a foolish Republicanism. Our navy should have Commodores; and our army should have a grade above that of Major General, call it Lieutenant-General or Field-Marshal, as you please. There is not much danger to be apprehended from these grades. In twenty years' time, be there peace or war, they would both be as plenty as blackberries, and we could always check one ambitious Field-Marshal by half-a-dozen others. Besides, our liberties will never be in danger, so long as we care for them, and do not forget the use of arms. The laws which effect the equal distribution of property among children, and prevent the growth of great estates, are the surest safeguard of liberty. Keep alive a love of Freedom, teach the boys the use of arms and military tactics, and enact laws that tend to a reasonable diffusion of property, and we need not be very much afraid either of Commodores or Field Marshals.

South Carolina Bosh.—General Anderson—Major that was—says that those romantic and chivalrous accounts sent North from Charleston at the time of the attack on Fort Sumter—that when the Fort's barracks were on fire, aid was proffered to put out the flames; that when his flag was shot down another was tendered; and that after the evacuation, he was the guest of Beauregard, are all equally untrue—regular South Carolina bosh the whole of them. At the evacuation, Anderson said to one of the officers, "If our cases had been reversed, and your quarters had been on fire, I should have stopped firing and offered aid to extinguish the flames. War is a sad business at best, and we should strive to humanize it as much as possible." The officer replied—"We did just right!" "Then," said Anderson, "we need have no further conversation, sir."

Anderson, judging by the above, is himself full of chivalry. For our part, we are free to confess that we do not blame the Carolinians particularly for not aiding in putting out the fire they had themselves kindled. If they had, we should have thought of the French guards at Fontenoy, with their, "Fire, gentlemen, the French guards never fire first." All very fine, but exaggerated a little beyond the harmony of common sense.

Who He Is.—The name of the Gen. Pierce who rather missed making his mark at the two Bethels,—but who deserves the thanks of the country perhaps for showing on a fortunately small scale the evil consequences that must result from foolish army appointments—is Ebenezer. He has held a prominent position in the Massachusetts militia for several years. We see it stated as a common opinion that while the Massachusetts troops are first-rate soldiers, the officers, as a general thing, are not up to the mark. If this be so, Massachusetts probably will have to pay dearly for it in loss of fame as well as of life.

J. Lathrop Motley, Esq., is in Washington. He has but lately returned from England. He represents the people of that country as entertaining the most friendly feelings for the United States, and as opposed to the hostile attitude taken by the ministry.

Motley is the historian who published an "able article" in the *Times* to enlighten the benighted Englishmen a little. In the course of the article he said, however, that protection was an obsolete idea nowadays with persons of intelligence—apparently forgetful that the ablest statesmen in his own country believe in protection, and that Henry Clay and Daniel Webster also believed in it. The fact is, that the statesmen of every country on the earth, both believe in and practise protection, just so far as the circumstances of said country render it necessary. Of course no nation wishes protection in articles that it can grow or manufacture cheaper than anybody else. Our New England manufacturers of certain articles, fostered into strong life by a judicious tariff, are already becoming "enlightened," in the Motley sense, and finding they can manufacture a little cheaper than any competitor, are quite ready for "Free Trade," "breaking the shackles of commerce," or any other high-sounding phrase which signifies they are not now afraid of any commercial rivalry. The time will come, if we properly manage it, when we in Pennsylvania also will be able to talk as much nonsense about "Free Trade" as anybody—being able to sell iron a little cheaper perhaps than even our friends across the water. If that time ever comes, they, you may be assured, will become the protectionists.

A Word to Military Gentlemen.—Gentlemen, while complaining of the appointment of "mere civilians" to high military commands—a complaint in which there is great reason—please do not forget that certain of your own number have manifested the most deplorable want of nerve and judgment—to say the least—within the last eight months. The management of affairs in Texas and at Norfolk—at which latter place the United States officers are said to have been frightened off by the loud whistlings and thunderings of empty railroad trains—was surely not much better, to say the least, than might have been expected from any fire-new officer. The complete discomfiture of the United States forces in Texas, to this day is a mystery to the intelligent mind of the country. Therefore, gentlemen, do not feel too proud—you have a character to regain, remember, before the country will be ready to place that high reliance on your skill and courage which it did one short year ago. Take care that you, too, do not have your Bethels and your Viennas, and retreat before batteries that your men, if well handled, are perfectly competent to take.

How it is Done.—A New York paper says that a firm of that city recently made a contract to furnish the government with 15,000 caps for troops at $11 per dozen. Not being cap-makers, they contracted with certain cap manufacturers, who furnished the caps for $6 per dozen. The original contractors therefore pocketed $6,250. The sub-contractors, in order to make their profit, paid five shillings to their cap-makers for a dozen of caps, being five cents for making one cap!

The facts are said to have come out from a strike of the operatives—who say that they cannot make caps for less than ten cents each. If the government had made the contract in the first place with the manufacturer for say $8,00 per dozen, it is possible that he would have allowed his employees a better price for their work. But if only $6,00 is to be paid, we think the government, and not a mere agent, should make the $6,250.

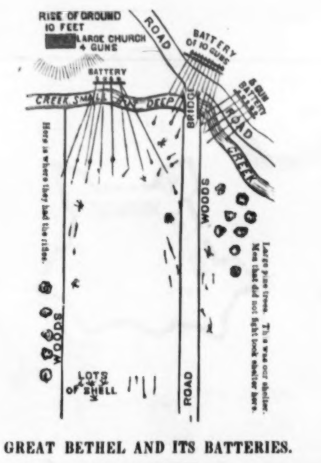
Common Sense.—A certain Thomas Jefferson expressed himself as follows to J. B. Colvin, on the 10th of September, 1801:—

"The question you propose, whether circumstances do not sometimes occur which make it a duty in officers of high trust to assume authorities beyond the law, is easy of solution in principle, *but sometimes embarrassing in practice*. A strict observance of the written law is doubtless *one* of the high duties of a good citizen; but it is not *the highest*. The laws of necessity, of self-preservation, of saving our country when in danger, are of higher obligation. To lose our country by a scrupulous adherence to written law would be to lose the law itself with life, liberty, property, and all those who are enjoying them with us; *thus absurdly sacrificing the end to the means*."

We commend the above to Chief Justice Taney, who we do not suppose would be willing to be saved from drowning, if his deliverer had to trespass on private property in doing it.

The Pennsylvania Regiments.—We hear that good clothing has been furnished to some of the Pennsylvania regiments. It has not been to all, that is certain. Letters from Col. Lyle's regiment, at Locust Point, give a deplorable picture of the troops, so far as their uniforms are concerned. The effect of this cheatery of the contractors is likely to be serious. It will deter many of the three months' volunteers from enlisting for the war. It would perhaps be a good idea to keep one or two contractors constantly hanging by the neck in each of our large cities, as a permanent warning to the remainder. In front of the Secretary of War's Department at Washington there might be three or four.

A Correction.—We copied a cure of Diarrhœa in The Post last week, in which it said that a *table* spoonful of the mixture was to be given. We now see it stated that the dose is "a *tea* spoonful in a little water; or *half* a teaspoonful—repeated in an hour afterwards in a tablespoonful of brandy." Well, it is not our fault—and we hope no one will be hurt by the mistake. We may add that, as a general rule, it is always well to take about half the dose recommended in a receipt—that generally being sufficient, and every particle of medicine more than enough being just that amount too much.



GREAT BETHEL AND ITS BATTERIES.

The above engraving, from a plan furnished to the New York Tribune by a correspondent, will enable our readers to understand the badly-managed attack on Great Bethel.

In the road, some distance from the bridge, Lieut. Greble's guns were stationed.

In the open space, to the left of the road, Colonel Duryea's Zouaves marched up and charged the battery, half a mile distant. They got within three rods, and the enemy ran, but the assaulting column could not get across the creek, and had to retire.

The troops generally behaved well. The volunteers aiding Lieut. Greble, however, left him and his small party of regulars to manage the guns alone, seeking a more protected position for themselves. At the close, Greble had only five men left. He was all through as pleasant and calm as if in a lady's boudoir. Had he had the command, instead of Pierce, the fortune of the day probably would have been different.

Colonel Townsend's men, at the miserable blunder at Little Bethel, when fired upon by Bendix's regiment, behaved very badly, retreating a mile and a half before they could be rallied by the officers, who behaved nobly. The same regiment, however, behaved very well afterwards in the charge at Great Bethel.

Not Bad.—The caricaturists have got hold of the militia Generals. One engraving represents a militia General on horseback, leading on his troops to the attack of entrenchments, with his book of tactics open in his hand. An officer of the enemy is expressly cautioning his men not to aim at that gentleman on horseback, as he is one of their best friends.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Cold Shiver.—A private letter from the wife of a leading person in Charleston, says that so ardent and certain were the expectations of receiving assistance from England entertained in that city, that the Queen's proclamation of neutrality gave them all a chill. They could scarcely believe their eyes when they read it, and ever since the worshippers of King Cotton have looked very chopfallen. That document gave little satisfaction to many ardent persons at the North, but at the South it was a perfect wet blanket.

The U. S. Commander in Missouri—Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon, now in command of the Military Department of the West, and whose remarkable energy excites so much admiration, was born in Eastford, Windham county, Connecticut, in 1820; entered West Point Military Academy in 1838; graduated thence in 1842, and served in Florida in the last year of the Seminole war. He was with Gen. Scott in Mexico, as first lieutenant, and was promoted to the rank of captain at the battle of Contreras. May 17th, 1861, for the signal service rendered by the capture of Camp Jackson, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

Of the 2,500 cannon captured by the rebels at Norfolk, (owing to the treachery of naval officers,) 1,500 still remain there, the rest having been scattered over the South. They are being forwarded everywhere, however, as fast as possible.

The report of U. S. troops having landed at Hilton Head is pronounced false.

Judge Douglas left no child by his second wife, his little girl having died a year ago. His children by his first marriage are amply provided for in the estate left them by their mother. In property Mr. Douglas, it is understood, was bankrupt. His disbursements for political purposes were enormous for the last two years, and entirely swallowed up the fortune of which he was possessed before his last Senatorial election.

One fact in the present contest well illustrates what freedom can do for a State.—Whenever Cairo is in danger of attack, the Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad, at ten hours' notice, can start from the different points on that line *four miles* of cars for the imperilled city, capable of delivering 24,000 men there as soon as the locomotives can carry them!

The mining world in England is rather astonished by the fact that a Welsh company at St. Davids has just made a very handsome dividend to the shareholders, as the result of its endeavors to extract gold from British quartz—proving, perhaps, one may go further and fare worse.

Vessels from European ports arriving here, continue to report immense quantities of ice on the banks of Newfoundland. Some of them have been obliged to go hundreds of miles out of their way, in order to dodge them. These icebergs are said to be seen, this season, in a much lower latitude than usual.

More Rifled Cannon.—The War Department, we see it stated, has made a contract with the Phoenix Iron Foundry of Pennsylvania, for the construction of six hundred rifled cannon. They are to be of the Griffin patent.

The offers for the Maine State Loan ranged from par to six per cent. premium, and were largely in excess of the amount called for.

One of the New Colonels.—A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writing from Washington, says:

"The young West Point Cadets have a little fun over some of our impromptu volunteer officers. Of course a man can't grow into familiarity with military phrases in a day. It was but a few days ago that I overheard a newly-elected Colonel crying out to one of the companies under his charge—'Where in thunder are you going? Go back to where you were—right back of the other company!' There was a quiet smile resting on many a face among the spectators present, and the general feeling that the aforesaid Colonel would doubtless make a good officer in time, but that he needed a little drilling."

☞ If the disunionists experience any lack of provisions, why don't they establish a Provisional Government?—*Prentice*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Magazine.—The July number is before us, full of pleasant reading as usual. *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, of this city, have it for sale. We extract the following poem, which is from the beautiful, subtle, and often too-quaint pen of Mrs. Browning, the present acknowledged Queen of Song:—

LITTLE MATTIE.

Dead! Thirteen a month ago!
Short and narrow her life's walk.
Lover's love she could not know
Even by a dream or talk:
Too young to be glad of youth;
Missing honor, labor, rest,
And the warmth of a babe's mouth
At the blossom of her breast.
Must you pity her for this,
And for all the loss it is—
You, her mother, with wet face,
Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,
Now she is as old as death.
Meek, obedient in your sight,
Gentle to a beck or breath
Only on last Monday! yours,
Answering you like silver bells
Lightly touched! an hour matures:
You can teach her nothing else.
She has seen the mystery hid
Under Egypt's pyramid.
By those eyelids pale and close
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
Down her patient locks of silk,
Cold and passive as in truth
You your fingers in spilt milk
Drew along a marble floor;
But her lips you cannot wring
Into saying a word more,
"Yes" or "no," or such a thing.
Though you call and beg and wreak
Half your soul out in a shriek,
She will lie there in default
And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, maybe
She would answer like the Son,
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
Dreadful answer! better none.
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,
Called—you called her, did you say,
"Little Mattie" for your part?
Now already it sounds strange,
And you wonder, in this change,
What He calls His angel creature,
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
As she took it! room to play
(Though one's hair might get uncurled
At the far end of the day).
What she suffered she shook off
In the sunshine; what she sinned
She could pray on high enough
To keep safe above the wind.
If reproved by God or you,
'Twas to better her she knew;
And, if crossed, she gathered still
'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
To survey her with sweet scorn,
Poor gay child, who had not caught
Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
Now your places are changed so,
In that same superior way
She regards you dull and low
As you did herself exempt
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
Of the spirits risen awhile,
Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
Hurts the most, a thousandfold!
To feel sudden, at a wink,
Some dear child we used to scold,
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
Teach and tumble as our own,
All its curls about our knees,
Rise up suddenly full grown.
Who could wonder such a sight
Made a woman mad outright?
—Show me Michael with the sword
Rather than such angels, Lord!

The Sea (*La Mer*.) From the French of M. J. Michelet, author of "Love," "Woman," &c. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The American Cyclopædia. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume 12. Mozambique—Parr. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. John McFarlan, 33 South Sixth street, agent for Philadelphia.

A Parallel Case.—A strong point is made against the course of England, in the following contrast:—Suppose that Scotland should summon her ancient Parliament, repeal the act of Union with England, and select a new King of the Stuart line—under the pretext that the Queen or her Government had violated some condition of the act of Union. That armies should be raised, forts seized, treasure stolen, that letters of marque were issued, and £20 offered for every English mariner captured, dead or alive; that Scotch debtors to English merchants refused to pay their debts, and the rebel government threatened to seize London, to burn Liverpool, while half the Scotchmen in the British service turned traitors. That then, while England was straining every nerve and making every effort to put down the insurrection, the American President should issue a proclamation recognizing the Scotch rebels as belligerents, and equals with the English Government, and treating their letters of marque as legal; that prominent Congressmen should propose in their places to recognize the independence of Scotland; what would Russell, Palmerston, Derby, Cobden and Bright say of this conduct of their American Cousin? And especially if the reason that Scotland rebelled, was that she feared the course of the United Kingdom was tending towards more liberal institutions.

What "A Gentleman" Has Done Since April 12th, Per Telegraphic Reports.—Saw Beauregard's funeral at Charleston; saw Jeff. Davis, April 19th, within twenty-four hours' march of Washington, at the head of the Confederate army; found out that Houston was to speak at Galveston in opposition to Lincoln; went to Philadelphia, April 23, and said Fort Pickens had been taken with serious loss of life; went to Baltimore and denied it; thence to Washington and re-affirmed it; met Beauregard in Norfolk same day; saw 6,000 troops at Harper's Ferry, May 6; same day saw only 4,000 there; saw Mr. Douglas's commission as Major-General, May 14th; knew positively that Washington's bones were stolen, May 15th; May 16th, told Colonel Anderson on a railroad train that Breckinridge intended to join him; found General Scott very feeble, May 20th; never stronger, May 21st; May 27th, had no doubt General Beauregard was marching on Alexandria with a large force; May 29th, met Beauregard at Memphis; June 2d, saw Col. Kelley killed at Phillippi; June 3d, found him alive; June 4th, saw a company of a Troy regiment captured; June 5th—didn't see it in that light.

☞ As the blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so likewise, but for disinterestedness, we should know nothing of selfishness; there are perhaps in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

☞ A Grecian philosopher, being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first burst may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh quakes."

☞ A young and beautiful French girl, on her marriage, had a present of a pyramid of three thousand natural white roses; but could not guess where it came from. The shrewdest suggestion was that it was the joint offering of her rejected lovers, each contributing a single rose.

☞ Success.—The way for a man to truly succeed is to do what he thinks best worth his doing, in the way he thinks it ought to be done. Let him never step aside from this path, either for profit or praise, and he will have all the success that is possible to him, and all that is worth having.

☞ Nature never fills our hearts with more of her beauty than when we are recovering from sickness. Like a mother, as she is, she then leans over us most lovingly, and smiles her sweetest smiles, and kisses us into beautiful dreams.

☞ Mauve made "Fast."—Accidentally a mode of printing the mauve color upon cotton or other fabrics, so that it may be pronounced "fast," has been discovered. This discovery, we hear, is due to a working man in Salford.

☞ Marshal Pelissier is now styled Duke of Malakoff, which is about as ridiculous as Duke of John Smith; for Malakoff was the name of the German stonemason who was the contractor for the masonry of the tower.

☞ Pocket Sympathies.—Bayard Taylor says, in a letter from London:—

"Several Englishmen have said to me—'Our sympathies *were* with the North, until the passage of the Morrill Tariff Bill'—to which I always answer, 'It must be very humiliating for an Englishman to make such a confession.'"

☞ Wail of the Manchester Man.—The glorious *Fabric* of the United States is in danger.—*Vanity Fair*.

☞ No two human beings were ever exactly alike—either in body or mind. In other words, Nature has been engaged in making men for six thousand years, without once making one that she thought it worth while to repeat.

LATEST NEWS.

New Schemes to Divide the North.—The New York World has a long and suspicious telegram from Washington, saying that a rebel commission had arrived at that city from Richmond, with various propositions of peace. The first, which was the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an experiment for a few years, was rejected, and a second was then urged, which was the submission of the rebel States on condition of slavery below the Missouri Line being made perpetual and unalterable. The whole story is absurd. If it were true, it is *too late* for such propositions. No one but a secessionist at heart will advocate the acceptance of any terms but an unconditional surrender, and laying down of arms. The people are in for it now, and they mean to go through with it.

Foreign News.—The British government has determined to send three regiments of infantry and sufficient artillery and munitions of war to reinforce the North American garrisons. It is thought desirable to place them in a position to command respect from any irregular bodies which, in a moment of excitement, might assail them. The steamers Great Eastern and Golden Fleece convey the troops.

The Paris Moniteur publishes the declaration that the Emperor Napoleon intends to maintain the strictest neutrality in the American war, enjoining all Frenchmen not to violate that neutrality by engaging in privateering or enrolling in the army on either side, at the risk of forfeiting all claim on his government.

Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, has arrived in Washington, preparatory to taking his seat at the approaching session of Congress. He reports that while coming through Cumberland Gap, an attempt was made upon his life by shooting, but it failed. The Tennessee Senator, in conversation with some of our leading men, assured them that the Eastern section of his State was Union to the core, and as soon as a favorable moment arrived, they would follow the action of Western Virginia, and separate from the rebellious half of the State.—*Washington Corres. North American.*

Extraordinary Compact Between Kentucky and Gen. McClellan—Kentucky to Remain Neutral Unless Invaded.—Louisville, June 22.—On and after Monday next, freights over the Nashville Railroad will be refused, unless permitted by the Surveyor of this Port to pass.

The Journal says that 2,000 guns were stopped yesterday at Jeffersonville, consigned to Louisville, until satisfactory evidence is produced that they are for the Union men of Kentucky.

The morning papers contain letters from Gen. Buckner and Gov. Magoffin, giving the particulars of an agreement made with Gen. McClellan.

The Kentucky authorities will protect the U. S. property in the State, enforce the laws of the United States according to the interpretation of the United States Courts, and enforce all obligations of neutrality, as against the Southern States.

General McClellan agrees to respect the Territory of Kentucky, even though Southern armies occupy it. In such case he will call the Kentucky authorities to remove the Southern forces.

Should Kentucky fail to do this, he claims the same right of occupation as given to the South; and also if Kentucky is unable to remove the Southern forces, she will call for the aid of the Government troops, and if successful in removing them, Gen. McClellan agrees to withdraw.

If the Administration adopts a different policy, Kentucky is to have timely notice, and if Kentucky changes the same, notice is to be given by this agreement.

Gen. Buckner gave Governor Harris, of Tennessee, notice, and Harris gave assurances that the Territory would be respected until occupied by the Federal troops, and also gave peremptory orders to the Tennessee officers to this effect.

Owing to the excitement in Columbus, General Buckner orders a detachment of the State Guard into camp there, for the purpose of restraining the citizens of Kentucky from acts of lawlessness and aggression.

[We do not know who is responsible for the above very singular (to say the least) compact with the Kentucky authorities. Does it leave Kentucky *in* or *out* of the Union? If the former, why should she have special privileges over other loyal states, as to "sacredness" of soil, &c.—if the latter, why should she be entitled to send representatives to the U. S. Congress?]

News from the Rebel Camp at Manassas.—*Louisville, June 22.*—The Manassas correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, dated the 18th, writes that the people about the rebel camp are hostile, and that it is dangerous for the soldiers to leave the camp alone.—Gentlemen come into camp daily who fear their own slaves will murder them.

The lower classes of the whites are inciting the slaves to such a degree that civil war is on the point of being inaugurated, and then the people are hostile in their rear. The latter apply for passports hourly, which Gen. Beauregard grants provided that no horses, wagons, &c., are taken from the State.

☞ It is well enough to sing about the "Red, White and Blue," but it is a good deal better to add as much as possible to the green. Clothe the whole face of the country in the emerald of thriving crops.—*Mrs. Swisshelm.*

☞ The Dry Goods Reporter says that mourning goods are steadily advancing in price. Beef is down, pork is down, corn is selling for a mere song, oats were never cheaper; the products of the dairy and of the farm yard were never lower; but *mourning goods are advancing.* The fact of an advance in mourning goods is rather suggestive about these days.

☞ The Indian Climate.—"India, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they ate and they ate and they dhrink, and they die; and thin they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed 'em."

☞ Lord Melbourne, on being pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right, retorted—"That's just when I don't want his help. Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong."

☞ It is remarked by grayhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, clumsy ones. And even so there is a kind of crudity and unsettledness in the minds of those young persons who turn out ultimately the most eminent.

☞ Among the recent failures in Chicago is that of Burch, the banker, whose divorce case made such a sensation a few months ago.

It Is Great For Our Country To Die.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Oh! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend who for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

BY W. H. W.

Weary and hungry were we of the Third Division United States Army, when, after a muddy march over swampy roads, from the little hamlet of San Antonio, we entered the ancient town called San Augustine at noon of the 18th of August, 1847.

We were within a few leagues of the much coveted capital of the Mexican Republic, a great battle was expected to be fought soon, and our soldiers were jubilant at the prospect of another victory. Every one was anxious to explore the marvellous "City of the Montezumas," and revel in the supposed delights of the famous halls thereof.

The Third Division was commanded by the far famed Gideon J. Pillow, of Tennessee, celebrated for his engineering skill, as exhibited at Camargo, where he threw up earthworks with the ditch on the wrong side! He is not overburdened with military genius or modesty, and is famous, in a small way, for "dispatches," nearly all of which relate entirely to himself, *his* performances, and *his* deeds of personal valor. Pillow was the greatest braggadocia in the army, with the exception, perhaps, of General Twiggs, who was not only a braggart, but a brutal old sinner to boot. Luckily for us, the movements of the Division depended very little upon Pillow, but were directed by the masterly hand of the veteran Scott.

The First Brigade was led by Gen. Frank Pierce, of New Hampshire, an officer of ability, and was composed of the Ninth, and a battalion of the Twelfth Infantry; the First Voltigeurs (rifles); two squadrons and a troop of the Third Dragoons; and the Mountain Howitzer and Rocket Battery. The Ninth (my regiment) was commanded by Colonel Ransom, of Vermont, one of the best officers in the service; the next in command was the gallant Major Seymour, of Connecticut; our Lieutenant Colonel, left sick in Vera Cruz, never rejoined us.

The Ninth was raised in New England.—The Twelfth, Lieutenant Colonel Bonham, was recruited in Mississippi and Arkansas. The Voltigeurs, Colonel Andrews, were from Pennsylvania.

General Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania, a thorough soldier and efficient officer, commanded the Second Brigade, which consisted of a portion of the Eleventh Infantry from Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Colonel Graham; a battalion of the Fourteenth, Colonel Trousdale, of Louisiana; the Fifteenth, Colonel Morgan, from Ohio; one squadron of the Third Dragoons, and Magruder's Battery.

The entire Division, with the exception of the Mountain Howitzers and the Light Artillery, was composed of troops raised to serve during the war. The batteries mentioned belonged to the old line of "five year men."

As we marched into the dilapidated old Spanish town at one end, the Mexican forces departed quietly at the other. The remaining inhabitants quietly commenced a brisk trade with our men, selling them fruit, vegetables, bread and cake, at prices not remarkably cheap. The men of San Augustine were dark, scowling, rascally fellows, who would have been very willing to "welcome us with bloody hands," had they dared. How different the women!—pretty, smiling, sociable, they took especial pains to make themselves agreeable to our men—and they achieved a success. These females were not distinguished for their elaborate toilets; a very simple costume was theirs, one under garment and one shirt, both of scanty dimensions; feet innocent of shoes or stockings, and a cotton mantle or rebosa over the head.

Those ladies who remained indoors were habited still more primitively; they were, in fact, reduced to the last layer of drapery, and that of a pattern by no means voluminous.

This style of garb is peculiar to the lower class of Mexican women when at home. It is a costume well adapted to low latitudes and warm climates. These interesting females were busy with their house affairs, or engaged with nude children, "gathering the harvest of the hair," a very prevalent and apparently pleasing occupation with the lower stratum of Mexican society.

San Augustine has, of course, several churches and religious houses, consequently there was quite an army of priests, fat padres in rich raiments, and mendicant monks in dirty gowns, bare-footed, and shaven-crowned.

Our troops were quartered in the larger buildings of the place, and encamped on the streets and plazas; my regiment took possession of a large convent of antique origin, one small wing of which was occupied by a body of nuns, and another portion by a little fraternity of gray friars, apparently poor, and certainly seedy. The remainder of the vast pile was crumbling slowly and surely to ruins; its fountains choked up and dry; its court-yards and halls overrun with rank weeds; its only inhabitants large families of lizards, a few serpents, and occasional scorpions.

The nearest position of the enemy was at the camp of Contreras, where extensive earth works were thrown up, which were held by eight thousand veteran troops, artillery and infantry, supported by large masses of cavalry, and defended by twenty-four pieces of artillery—mostly eighteen and twenty-four pounders. Reconnoitering parties were sent out from our side during the afternoon; one of them, led by Captain Thornton, of the Second Dragoons, was fired upon, and Thornton was killed by a twenty-four pound shot, which struck him full in the breast, mangling him most horribly.

As night fell, camp-fires were lit, and the soldiers gathered around them in picturesque groups, from which lively songs and ringing choruses were often heard, hundreds of voices joining in at the chorus.

The interesting and scantily-clad fruit venders, having permission to pass the guard, were flitting from group to group, chatting merrily with the fun-loving soldiers, and making themselves very welcome wherever they went. Although on all sides were seen the evidences of "grim-visaged war," and though we heard the frequent sound of heavy guns fired by the sullen foe, yet our men were as gay as though a merry-making awaited them on the morrow, instead of a fierce and bloody combat.

We remained quietly at San Augustine until noon of the next day, August 19th, when orders were received, and the Division was put in motion—the dragoons, howitzers and light battery in advance; the voltigeurs followed, and then came the infantry—the Ninth leading.

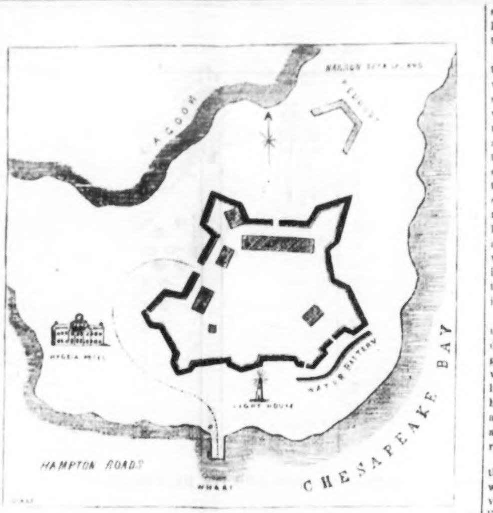
We shortly reached the "Pedrigal Hills," which we found covered with rough, sharp volcanic rocks, exceedingly difficult to be surmounted—rendering our passage toilsome in the extreme, and necessarily slow. About four o'clock we arrived in sight of the entrenched camp of Contreras, halted, and drew up in line upon a hillside, a little beyond the range of their big guns.

With our glasses the Mexicans could be plainly seen within the works in large masses; outside clouds of cavalry were hovering around, and away beyond heavy bodies of infantry were moving toward the camp, from the direction of the capital, sent by Santa Anna to reinforce the veterans of Contreras.

Between our troops and the Mexican works was some of the roughest ground that it was ever the misfortune of any troops to attempt crossing, and all covered by the fire of the enemy's artillery. There were several tolerably level and smooth spots scattered through this dreary waste, each covered with tall and thickly growing Indian corn. Soon after halting the Voltigeurs were ordered forward, and deployed as skirmishers; Magruder's battery and Caldwell's howitzers next dashed ahead, and soon we heard the sharp cracking of rifles and the ringing reports of our brass six pounders, answered by rolling volleys of musketry and the booming of heavy guns from the Mexican batteries. This was the first time I had ever heard the awful rush of heavy shot in action: the effect was awe-inspiring in the extreme, and many a head was bowed in involuntary reverence. We were beyond the range of these missiles; yet every one, as it came howling through the air, seemed intent upon striking exactly where we stood, and it was difficult to convince ourselves that they actually fell short. I had been in action many times before, but never where artillery had been used against us. Round shot inspires infinitely more respect than musket balls, and against musketry I had hitherto contended.

Among our officers was Second Lieutenant D., of the right flank or grenadier company, a large, powerfully-built man, over six feet in height, and a native of the "Old Dominion," who had joined us at Puebla, and had never been in an action of any kind. Like many others of the F. F. V.'s, he was a wonderful gascon, and swore in a terrific manner; his greatest desire was to meet the Mexican in mortal combat; he was a famous blower of his own trumpet. On this eventful afternoon, as he stood in his position in the rank of file closers, a six-inch shell came screeching through the air. Suddenly down dropped the valorous lieutenant flat on his face, with evident symptoms of trepidation. The shell struck about fifty yards in front of the line, and did not burst; up rose the lieutenant amid the jeers and laughter of his comrades, looking much less ferociously brave than ever before. "I ain't scared," said he, "not by a d—d long shot, but it's always best to be on the safe side, you know." He was ever after pointed out as the first man of his regiment who *fell* at Contreras.

About this time we received orders to move forward; our colonel dismounted, faced us from a "line of battle" to the right flank, and down the hill we went in a sinuous, thin blue line. The nature of the ground prevented a formation of column of divisions, companies or platoons. Of course an advance in line of battle was impossible. We presently struck through a patch of tall corn, and emerged upon a ledge of rocks, over which wound the only route that was practicable. As we mounted the ledge we found ourselves in direct range of the Mexican batteries, in plain sight, and within a few hundred yards of their entrenchments. A heavy fire was at once directed at us from guns and mortars, and shot and shell struck and exploded disagreeably near us. In less than a minute after getting in range I saw the effect of "round shot." A twenty-four pound ball knocked over the two last files of four men of the Grenadier company, directly in front of me, and so near that I caught one as he fell. His leg was broken. One of them was killed, another had both legs crushed, and the fourth escaped with only a few bruises.



PLAN OF FORTRESS MONROE.

The effect of this shot upon our lieutenant was wonderful. Clapping his hands upon his abdominal region, he uttered a fearful groan, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm badly hit!"—bent himself nearly double, and rushed to the friendly shelter of a mass of rocks that stood thirty feet high, a perfect barrier 'twixt him and danger. We thought we had seen the last of our valiant friend; but when Surgeon Wheaton came to examine him, not a scratch or bruise could be found upon him. He had been struck down by sheer fright, and nothing else. His urgent request to be reported among the wounded was complied with by our surgeon in this manner: "Lieut. D. *very* slightly wounded!" Surgeon W. was a skillful, brave and accomplished gentleman. He is now chief of the medical staff of Sprague's Rhode Island brigade.

We scrambled across the rocky ledge as best we could, the roughness of the road, making it impossible to keep anything like close order. Heavy shot fell much too thickly around us and in our midst for our comfort. Shells of all sizes burst viciously on every side, and soon were added crushing volleys of grape and small arms. It was terribly hard work clambering over those rough boulders. The heat was intense, the reports of heavy guns and the rush of masses of iron through the air created an infernal din, and the excitement was almost maddening in its intensity. The involuntary shrinking at the sound of a cannon ball wore away, and I no longer felt apprehensive that every shot or shell was intended for *my* head especially. It was upon this fatal ledge that we passed the light battery and howitzers. They had been placed by Capt. Magruder in a very weak position, and most injudiciously within two hundred yards of batteries mounting eighteen and twenty-four pound guns. The result was what ought to have been expected; the light six pounders were silenced, some of them dismounted, and the force cut to pieces.

When we came up, not a gun could be brought to bear upon the Mexicans, whose fire continued unabated. The dead and wounded gunners were lying thickly around. Those of the wounded who had strength enough were crawling behind rocks, or wherever they could find shelter from the iron storm. I saw Lieut Caldwell, of the Mountain Howitzers, lying severely wounded, and Lieut. Johnstone, of Magruder's Battery, dead upon the ground. We stumbled along as rapidly as possible, our track marked by fallen soldiers, some wounded, some dead, and others crippled by falls among those abominable rocks. Struggling painfully along, we reached a point where our road turned sharp to the right, and ran parallel to the Mexican earthworks, which were distant about a hundred yards, separated from us by a deep ravine.

At this point the Mexicans saluted us with a galling fire of small arms, which we had no time to answer, as our orders were to get under cover as soon as possible. Ours was not a real attack, but a feint upon their front, in order to divert their attention from Smith's and Cadwalader's Brigades, who were maneuvering to turn their flanks and gain positions in rear of the works. And most effectually we *did* draw their particular regards. The wicked manner in which they showered their leaden and iron compliments upon us, was more creditable to their rapidity of firing than accuracy of aim, although by far too many of them hit their mark.

Our Major Seymour, who had managed to force his horse thus far over every obstacle, was at this time riding in advance. A large shell from a distant battery came roaring down and burst by the side of his horse. The concussion forced the Major from his saddle with much violence, badly bruising him, but luckily not a piece of the exploded shell struck him. His frightened steed fled with exceeding rapidity.

As I was looking at the fallen Major I felt a smart shock upon my left side. A piece of rock, splintered off by a shot, had struck me, inflicting a slight bruise, and breaking a large gold pencil-case which I carried in my vest pocket. I noticed here an act of cool bravery on the part of Lieut. Stevens, of the Engineers. He stood upon a high rock, directly in the line of fire, surveying the enemy's works through a field-glass, occasionally cheering on our men; a perfect storm of lead and iron howling around him, and he all the while as cool as if upon parade.

We now reached a wall of rocks that partially sheltered us, and halted to take breath and close up. In about ten minutes we moved forward again, filed sharp to the left, and rushed over another ledge, encountering a murderous fire of small arms, small pieces chipped from the rocks by muskets and escopette balls, filling the air in clouds. Every man in my company was scratched in face and hands by these stinging little chips. We were too near for their heavy shots to take much effect; most of them went too high. Down we dashed in the face of their fire, and soon reached the bottom of a ravine, where for the first time we were completely sheltered from the missiles of the Mexican warriors.

A swift mountain stream rushed through the ravine. Fording the stream, which was waist deep, we climbed the precipitous bank of the opposite side of the ravine, and finally halted immediately below the brow of the table-land which stretched away from the summit. Our object was attained; we had diverted the enemy's attention by our false attack, and had reached the end of our journey in that direction. We had completely deceived them. Our last movement was mistaken by them entirely. They had no knowledge of our present whereabouts, and were excessively joyous at what they called a glorious victory over the "Yankee devils."

Among the incidents of the day was the casualty to General Pierce. His horse, owing to the rocky and uneven surface of the ground, stumbled and fell, with the General under him, the weight of the animal crushing the foot and leg of the future President so badly that he had to be taken from the field.

Our last halt placed us about sixty yards from the Mexican batteries; although so near, we were hidden from their view by our position under the bank. The shot fired at distant bodies of our troops passed overhead, cutting off branches of trees above us, many of them striking the opposite bank, shattering the rocks and dislodging huge masses of earth, but doing no damage to us.

Stretching away from the top of the bank was a vast field of exceedingly tall corn, which stood thick enough to form an admirable screen between ourselves and the enemy. A few of us took advantage of this, advanced cautiously through the corn, and approached within a short distance of the entrenchments, taking good care to avoid the line of fire, which was to the front. We made our approach toward their left flank. The edge of the corn field at this point was about a half a dozen yards from the outermost battery, separated from it by a narrow ravine.

By this time the sun had set, and darkness was rapidly coming on. We were near enough to see that the works were crowded with men, and could hear their congratulations upon our defeat; but the smoke and the growing darkness prevented a very distinct view of affairs. The fire of their artillery had slackened, but the infantry still kept up a rattling fire, blazing away as fast as they could load, apparently at nothing in particular, with a very reckless waste of ammunition. It grew dark rapidly, heavy clouds gathered overhead, and rain began to fall. The fire of the Mexicans ceased suddenly, and we returned to our comrades under the bank. The rain fell steadily in very large drops, and we were shortly in an exceedingly wet condition.

About 10 o'clock we were ordered to take a new position; accordingly the stream was reforded, and we commenced groping our way back. The rain fell in cataracts, the darkness could almost be felt; the earth wet and slippery, and covered with jagged rocks, offered impediments at every step; many of the men were badly hurt, and some were killed by falls. We frequently stumbled over dead bodies, and picked up many wounded soldiers by the way. At midnight, after a most laborious march, the welcome order to "halt" was heard; we found ourselves upon a rough hill-side, without the slightest shelter from the rain, which came down with a volume and violence truly tropical, such as I never saw equalled; it was very cold, too, and we had no overcoats or blankets; it was a night to be vividly remembered for a lifetime.

I threw myself down, half dead with fatigue, stiff with cold, and nearly drowned with the rain; feeling around for a stone to serve as a pillow, my hand came in contact with something smooth, and cold as ice; curiosity being aroused, I took it to the light of a lantern that was burning dimly at the entrance of a surgeon's tent; to my horror I saw it was a human leg that had been amputated above the knee! I dropped it very suddenly. There was quite a pile of dismembered limbs near the tent; the surgeons had been busy here during the afternoon, and those were the evidences of their handiwork. I chose another location for my resting place, and in spite of the weather and the proximity of slain soldiers, slept soundly in a pool of rain water till morning.

"The Ninth is ordered up." These words, uttered in an imperative tone, aroused us at day-break on the morning of the 20th August. The rain had ceased, but the weather was quite cool. We were all stiff, wet and hungry; as for myself I could scarcely move hand or foot. The regiment was formed, and we were informed that an attack was about to be made upon the camp of Contreras.

We moved forward as briskly as possible, the exercise serving to thaw us out; our route was over a portion of the same ground traversed by us on the previous day; as it grew light we could see the stiffened corpses of our slain comrades lying as they had fallen, a painful sight, and disagreeably suggestive of what might soon be our own fate. We soon reached the point assigned us, to which we were guided by an engineer officer. Here, behind a screen of rocks, completely hidden from the enemy, we patiently awaited the signal for the assault. The men as quickly as possible rubbed up their arms, drew the old charges, and reloaded, and everything was got ready for immediate action.

The Mexicans in the meantime reposed very quietly in fancied security, exulting over an imaginary victory. No military officer was ever more completely deceived than Gen. Valencia, the commander at Contreras; he had sent despatches the previous night to Santa Anna, announcing a decisive defeat of the Americans; the city of Mexico was illuminated, rockets innumerable were sent up through the rainy air, grand salvos of artillery were fired, and a magnificent ball was improvised in honor of the "glorious victory." They were destined soon to find out their mistake.

The light grew stronger, the sky was cloudless, and the day promised to be as bright and glorious as the night had been dark and gloomy. As the sun arose the signal guns were heard, and the troops of Gen. Smith and Col. Riley were seen in the rear, and on the right flank of the Mexican works; it was our time now; the word was given by our gallant Colonel, repeated by captains and lieutenants, and off we went over the rocks at a rapid pace, with every officer in front towards the front face of the entrenchments. We were saluted with one general discharge of artillery and small arms, grape, canister, round shot, case shot, shells and musket balls, were showered at us, and struck down a few of our officers and men—but we were too close upon them for much damage to be done, most of their shot going too high.

On we went, yelling vociferously, crossed the ravine and did not halt till we gained the village and the works. So sudden was the attack that the Mexican artillerymen had no time to fire more than once; at some of the pieces the gunners were cut down by our men while attempting to reload; they were taken too much by surprise to offer much resistance, the firing of their infantry was very feeble after the first discharge, while ours delivered in heavy volleys was awfully destructive. The Mexican cavalry made a demonstration against us, but were soon sent flying by a fire altogether too hot for them. The enemy soon broke and fled in the utmost disorder, and in seventeen minutes from the firing of the signal gun the fight was over, the Mexican entrenchments were in our possession, and the glorious stars and stripes, displacing the Mexican tri-colors, were thrown to the breeze and gleamed brightly in the morning sunlight.

The slaughter of the Mexicans was frightful; their killed lay thickly around in every direction. In one place near a little bridge that spanned a ravine I counted more than thirty bodies, lying in a spot that would measure about a rod square. These were killed by discharges from their own guns which we turned upon them as they fled. We took over a thousand prisoners, including four generals, captured the whole of their artillery and seven thousand muskets, together with immense stores of ammunition. A more decisive defeat was never inflicted upon any troops; they were totally routed, "horse, foot and dragoons," six hundred and fifty dead Mexicans were buried on the battle ground, and their wounded was innumerable. The force opposed to us at Contreras was eight thousand infantry, supported by four thousand lancers. The Americans numbered thirty five hundred of all arms. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was about five hundred.

We pursued the retreating enemy, drove them from the village of San Angeles, and there halted to rest and eat breakfast. Among the officers of the Ninth who distinguished themselves by their gallantry, were Captain Pitnam, and Lieutenant Slocum. I mention these in distinction to the others of the regiment, because they belonged to my own company, "A," and came more particularly under my own observation. Captain P. is now Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rhode Island Brigade, and Lieutenant S. is a major in the same body.

General Scott reviewed us at Los Angeles and made us a little speech, in which he praised us without stint for our conduct under fire, telling us that in a short time we should without doubt "be in possession of yonder proud city," where we should find the repose we so much needed. He said in a few hours we should again meet the enemy, and victory would again perch upon our banners. "God speed you, my gallant men!" were his words as he rode away with his "staff," amid our enthusiastic cheers. And thus was the battle of Contreras fought and won.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

I remember a fellow, who sat by me in the lecture-room, who fell under grave rebuke because the lecturer judged by appearances. He had a trick of whittling. One day he fashioned a small keel of a ship, a dainty thing, with a witching figure-head. He finished it just as the lecture was finished. Dr. M—— was a reverend man, with white hair and a kind heart. But the good man was wounded by the whittler. He was idle and disrespectful, and he summoned him to his study to administer a wholesome rebuke.

"Young man," said he, "I am obliged to speak to you about the foolish and trifling way in which you spend your time."

Frank W—— looked at him in surprise.

"Please take that thing out of your pocket that you made during the lecture."

Frank drew forth the keel. He had made it without thinking, and he was hardly conscious of its existence.

"Your disrespect for me and the students I might pass by," said Dr. M——, "but your irreverence for important subjects I must treat more severely. Can you tell me the subject of the lecture this morning?"

Frank told the subject readily.

"Can you tell me *any* thing about the manner in which it was treated?"

"I think so," said Frank. And he began at the remark of the lecturer and repeated almost every word of the lecture.

"I did not think you noticed anything that I said, Mr. W.," said the Doctor, astonishment and respect struggling for the mastery of his mind.

"I suppose I was whittling," said Frank; "I generally am, but I did not know it, upon my honor. I never was more interested in a lecture in my life."

"Appearances are deceitful," said the Doctor. "You will pardon me for judging you wrongfully."

"And I hope you will pardon me for my everlastin' whittling," said Frank. "I would give it up, but I am afraid I should lose the thread of my ideas if I had not something in my hands."

HINTS ON WASHING THE HANDS.

Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands. If any one doubts it, let her, with a microscope, examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, and perhaps shocked at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting when unwashed a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough, corrugated surface, with deep, irregular furrows, in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lay loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains perspiration and oil, which by evaporation become a cement to hold the particles of dust, etc., and to remove them requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable, so that by rubbing the soil is disturbed and partially removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; and soap is added, the alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of.

The wash-cloth is useful, because its threads or fibres work down among the furrows, like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; hence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is best of all. Rough coarse cloths are objectionable, as they abrade the skin and leave it rough and more easily filled with dust than before. Harsh, strongly alkaline soap should be avoided for the same reason; it abstracts all the oil from the upper layer of the skin, and makes it "chap or crack." Where a sponge is not obtainable, a very neat and serviceable wash cloth may be knit of soft cotton twine, either with the crochet or with coarse wooden needles, knitting back and forth, as garters are knit. A mitten knit of this cotton with the crochet needle is very *handy* for this purpose, and makes a neat article for the wash-stand. A wash *rag* will not be tolerated by a tidy housekeeper. If cloths are used, let them be neatly hemmed and scrupulously clean. Applying a little vinegar and water to the hands and face, after the use of soap, and rinsing off the vinegar with clean water, is a capital process to prevent chapping or roughness. The acid neutralizes the alkali of the soap, and keeps it from destroying the skin. Try this frequently, especially on washing days. Diluted vinegar or other acid is excellent for the face after shaving.

THE IRON DUKE AND THE CONNAUGHT BOYS.—During the Peninsular War, an Irish regiment from Connaught became notorious for the unscrupulous manner in which they plundered the inhabitants of Portugal and Spain wherever the British army marched or encamped, but were also distinguished for their pluck. Wellington at last became so exasperated by their lawless conduct that he had the regiment paraded for the purpose of striking them with terror by having every tenth man shot. Before giving such a bloody order, however, he wished to state his reasons for it, and began to address the regiment thus:—"You are thieves, robbers, cut-throats, vagabonds—everything but *cowards*." This compliment to their courage, although at the expense of every other virtue, so pleased the regiment that they at once gave three cheers with such a burst of enthusiasm as quite overwhelmed the Iron Duke, and looking at them a moment in silence, he turned his horse and rode away without saying another word.

A BLESSING.

As I wandered beside the blue measureless tide,
While the waters and winds were at play,
A woman, forlorn, pale, weary, and worn,
Arose like a ghost in my way.
Her famine-wrung sigh, and her grief-dimmed eye,
Were heavy with moan and tear,
As I placed in her palm a drop of the balm
Which the world holds so preciously dear:
And this blessing she gave as she turn'd to the wave
And gazed up to the azure dome,
"*May your happiness be as deep as the sea,*
And your heart as light as the foam."

Few words they were; but they seemed to bear
A magic to cheer and to save:
A beauty was flung by that sorrowful tongue
Like a spring-flower reared on a grave.
And Time, who estranges by chequers and changes,
Kind thoughts that have wish'd us good will,
Has left warmly imprest on my brain and my breast
The words of that pale woman still.
They held Music and Feeling, whose echo-tones stealing,
Yet whisper where'er I may roam,
May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
And your heart as light as the foam.

ELIZA COOK.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Lord Kingswood, when he found himself alone, and face to face with Erle, felt strangely agitated. On no previous occasion had he met him without being moved, but now he experienced a violent perturbation in his breast, which surpassed in force any similar emotion by which he had been before affected.

It was not fear, it was not repugnance, it was not the workings of a strong affection struggling against an interested hostility, nor emotions of dread created by suggestions to which his intention to perpetuate successive acts of injustice gave birth. It was rather that rapid quickening of the pulsation of the heart, accompanied by a cold, sickly, deathly sense of faintness, which the human frame experiences on the sudden announcement of some dire intelligence personally calamitous to the hearer.

Lord Kingswood had suffered to a certain extent this painful and peculiar tremor when he, after twenty years' separation, first beheld Horace Vernon enter his library; he had again felt it on first beholding Erle, and subsequently, when he introduced Erle to Lady Kingswood, conscious that he was implanting in her mind a subject of suspicion, which would prove the fruitful source of future discomfort to himself.

On the present occasion the agitation was of a far more heightened character; he felt that he had a very arduous part to play.—Much of the mist which had surrounded Erle when he first appeared at Kingswood Hall had been cleared away, and he scarcely questioned now that Erle was his son, notwithstanding the doubt old Pengreep had thrown on the point by the introduction of the mysterious story of the rearing of Violet by Vernon, and her extraordinary resemblance to Erla.

To this son, his own offspring, legitimately born, he was about to present himself ostensibly as a friend and patron, but under the surface a liar and a knave. He intended to ignore his claims, repudiate his relationship, and offer, simply out of an assumed spirit of benevolence, to put him forward in a new world, where he would have the opportunity of making his way to wealth and position.

It was his intention to impress upon Erle that the generous patronage he purposed bestowing upon him originated simply in a wish to do him some service, out of a mere sympathy for his forlorn condition, totally uninfluenced by the statements of his birth, which he should insist were fabricated in a mean, unworthy spirit of revenge by Horace Vernon.

Believing that Erle knew more of his origin than he really did, and knowing him to be high-spirited and firm in character, he felt that it was no slight undertaking to scout his pretensions to his teeth, to endeavor to convince him that Vernon was a base and malicious slanderer, and that he was the son of obscure parents, bought, like a slave child, to minister to the success of Vernon's machinations.

However, his task was self-imposed, there existed an imperious necessity that he should prosecute it to a successful result, and despite his powerful inward commotion, he felt that he was compelled to go on with it.

The feeble rays of his lamp but dimly struggled with the moon's beams, which flooded in at the open window, but he sat it down upon the table, so that its rays might fall on Erle's face, and divest it of the ghastliness which the moonlight communicated to it.

Forcing a stern expression upon his features, he commenced, in a low, grave tone—"Mr. Gower, let me premise before we enter upon any conference, that you must not misinterpret the motives which lead me to seek this interview with you. At first, when considering over the events of this morning, I was strongly disposed to let things take their course, and leave you to explain away, as best you could, before a magistrate, the charges Mr. Avon has preferred against you—"

"I am, my lord, quite prepared to meet those charges, or any that Mr. Avon can bring against me, before any legally constituted tribunal," interposed Erle, sharply and haughtily.

"Oblige me by hearing me in silence," responded Lord Kingswood, sternly. "When I wish you to reply, I will put a direct question to you. I observed that my first impression was to let matters take their course, and why? Your first appearance here was on my part unbidden. You were thrust upon me against my will; inducements into which it is unnecessary to enter, urged me to permit you to remain; it was then the smallest of two evils. What attended your sojourn here?—a crowd of incidents it would be absurd to term merely mortifying. You fled after a disastrous, terrible struggle with the son of one whose destiny, I may say, has been interwoven with those of my House, and who was shortly to be united to me by marriage. I do not intend to enter further upon that subject, or to explain why you were not pursued after your murderous onslaught upon Mr. Avon—"

"My lord, if I am to remain silent while you address me, I must insist that you will confine yourself to the truth," interrupted Erle, in an indignant tone.

"The truth!" echoed Lord Kingswood, angrily.

"Yes, my lord," returned Erle, firmly. "It is quite clear to me that your lordship is totally unacquainted with the circumstances which occasioned a hostile meeting between Philip Avon and myself or those which attended it; if you were, you would not refer to it in terms insulting to my honor."

"It is enough for me that you then fled my roof in secresy, and that you have since remained silent, having never attempted to account to me for what happened on that occasion," rejoined Lord Kingswood; "but I have already said I do not intend to enter into particulars, but shall confine myself to a mere reference to past events, with the object of proving that my intentions towards you are governed alone, I might say, by feelings of unexampled kindness and philanthropy."

A smile almost of scorn curled Erle's lip, but he made no remark.

"Your appearance here after your flight," continued Lord Kingswood, warming into his task, "without my sanction, and under circumstances of secresy and mystery, wears an air of singular audacity, and calls from me a determined course of conduct, which shall have the effect of putting an end, not alone to these erratic movements, but certain other infamous projects conceived and put in motion by the basest and most malignant promptings of revenge. I observe your impatient gesture, but, understand me, I do not identify you with those projects farther than as an instrument in the hands of a designing vil—a—person."

Lord Kingswood saw the flash of Erle's eye, and changed the word he intended to have used.

"Now, let me at once, and I hope forever," he said, rapidly, and with evident excitement, "disabuse your mind of a series of absurd impressions, placed in your head for a very palpable purpose; and first, I will allude to the wild and wicked claim that you have been urged to prefer, namely, that you are related to me by the very closest ties of affinity."

"Am I not, my lord?" interrogated Erle, in a clear, ringing tone.

"N—o—o!" responded Lord Kingswood, forcing out the word with great difficulty.—"No—no; I repeat it, no!"

"Will you swear this, my lord?" asked Erle, sternly.

"To be sure I would, if that were necessary, but it is not," returned Lord Kingswood, speaking with a forced emphasis. "To you my simple denial is enough; those who have misled you, it is sufficient to dare them to the proof."

Feelings of shame and agony pierced the breast of Erle.

"The absence of proof, my lord, is no evidence of the falsehood of my claim or the truth of your assertion," he said, earnestly.

"It is the best of evidence, it is legal," returned Lord Kingswood, quickly. "You can substantiate no claim but by indisputable proofs. In order to prove yourself my heir, as Vernon audaciously declares you to be, it will be essential to prove a marriage between myself and your mother. No such proof exists."

"My lord, my lord!" cried Erle, with a burst of indignation, "will you dare asperse my mother?"

"No!" cried Lord Kingswood, emphatically. "For this reason—I knew her not!"

Erle staggered back a step or two. "What mean you, my lord?" he cried, in a tone of bewildered astonishment.

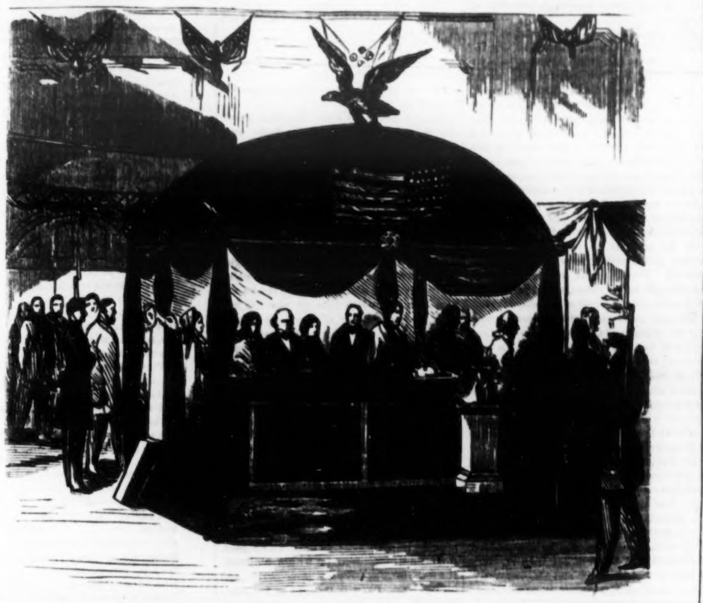
"This—that you are the offspring of obscure parents, purchased by Vernon to carry out a long-cherished revenge," returned Lord Kingswood, in a hurried tone. "It is perfectly needless to enter into any explanations why Horace Vernon should desire to revenge himself upon me; he has done so, and has endeavored to do so in a way calculated to be absolutely fatal to me. He has worked patiently and silently for years; now he believes the hour to have arrived for the consummation of his vengeance, but he will be foiled—his failure will be as complete as his animosity against me has been vindictive."

"Lord Kingswood, do you, upon your honor as a nobleman and a gentleman, assure me that you have spoken the truth concerning my origin?" asked Erle, with perceptible emotion.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "I decline to employ asseverations," he rejoined, with assumed haughtiness. "You have heard my statement; you can believe or disbelieve it at your pleasure; your incredulity will not affect its truth any more than an asseveration on my part will make it more truthful than it is."

"But my resemblance?" ejaculated Erle.

Lord Kingswood laughed hoarsely. "An accident," he returned, "of which too much capital has been already made both by you and your backer. Now to come to the point. I confess I feel a degree of sympathy for you—"



THE BODY OF SENATOR STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE AT BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO.

"I do not ask your sympathy, Lord Kingswood," cried Erle, passionately.

"Possibly not," rejoined Lord Kingswood, making an effort to speak more clearly and with a more measured tone than before, "but I extend it to you, nevertheless. You were removed at a tender age from those who brought you into the world; you were placed at a school where, unknown and unvisited, you were reared, receiving an education beyond your years. You are suddenly set down beneath this roof, a wild and frantic notion put into your head, which has been subsequently supported in a powerful manner by one who unquestionably possesses wealth, and who, when he has made you the instrument of his malice, would cast you back upon your original obscurity, but that you have intelligence and education to enable you to carve a path for yourself in the world. I say it is the knowledge of the circumstances in which you have been placed, your present condition of utter dependence, your wholly false position, which induces me to set you free from it, urges me to assist you to obtain for yourself an elevated and assured position in life, and will, if you implicitly follow my instructions, and act in accordance with my wishes, make me your firm friend in the future."

The cheeks of Erle flushed, and his temples throbbed. Could Lord Kingswood be uttering the truth? Was he actually the offspring of obscure parents? He could not, would not believe it. An inward, intuitive feeling told him that he was the son of the man who stood before him, and though his spirit rebelled against the imposture Lord Kingswood sought to fasten upon him, yet he felt at this moment a strange feeling steal over him, not exactly one of awe, or perhaps of reverence, but something of a spirit of deferential submission, which was new to him.

He listened not, it is true, acquiescently, but with an inward prompting to be compliant to Lord Kingswood without sacrificing his honor or his future prospects.

It might have been that he was thus moved by the voice of nature stirring within him, or it might have originated from some influence at present concealed from him; but whatever its source, it is certain that his lordship's expression of sympathy and promises to aid him in his future career, seemed in his eyes to raise up a question as to whom he should most render obedience, Ishmael or Lord Kingswood, and his instincts—perhaps his heart—awarded the preference to the latter. He, however, remained silent; his brain and breast were too oppressed with contending emotions to enable him to reply at once to Lord Kingswood; and the latter, hoping that this very silence was a sign that his false assertions had exercised the desired influence upon him, slightly increased his loftiness of tone and coolness of manner.

"You will perceive, after a moment's reflection, that it will be impossible for you to remain here," he continued. "To treat Mr. Philip Avon's bitter animosity and aversion to you for what it is worth, and, therefore, a mere incidental matter, I must draw your attention to the fact that your presence here, your person, your history, inexplicable to Lady Kingswood, renders her extremely unhappy, and places me in a false position. Surmises are afloat—rumors are abroad—all kinds of extravagant speculations are indulged in, and all at the expense of my honor and my happiness. You must quit Kingswood Hall, therefore, at an early hour to-morrow. A mail-train passes here an hour or too before dawn. You shall be conveyed to London, to a place I will appoint, and when there, I will again see you, when I shall hope to find you cheerful and even eager to enter upon a course which will lead you to a position and rank far, I am sure, exceeding your most flattering aspirations and hopes."

There seemed to Erle a bitter cruelty in thus disposing of him as a poor dependant without a claim to be provided for, an encumbrance well rid of, even under costly terms. His breast heaved and fell, his throat seemed swelling and bursting, his heart throbbed with agony, his eyes burned, his mouth was parched and inflamed; and suddenly, in a paroxysm of emotion, he flung himself at Lord Kingswood's feet, and cried—

"Father, father!—I am your son. In the name of Almighty Heaven, do not disown me. Be human—be merciful! At the great judgment-seat you must answer that question. Oh, in mercy, with the eye of Heaven alone gazing upon us both, be just and truthful to me—acknowledge to me that I am your son, and I will be as obedient to you as a slave."

The last words were scarcely audible, yet Lord Kingswood heard each word distinctly, heard them with his heart rather than with his ears. He staggered back groaned heavily, and covered his face with his hands.

Nature for an instant was triumphant, and with a sudden cry of tenderness and affection, he threw open his arms to him, as if to receive and press him to his heart.

Erle saw the gesture with a passionate exclamation of joy, and leaping to his feet, was in a moment clasped in Lord Kingswood's arms.

Yet as momentarily there sprung up a revulsion of feeling, for the vision of Lady Kingswood suddenly appeared before his lordship's eyes, pale, gloomy, and threatening.

He throws Erle back almost violently. "No, no, no," he cried, "it must not be, it cannot be. I have but one son, Cyril. I have but one wife, Lady Kingswood. You cannot prove that I married Erla. You cannot prove that you—you are—oh! God, my brain is bursting."

He almost shrieked these words, and used, while uttering them, gestures so frantic that they appeared to be the ravings of insanity. He tottered to a seat, upon which he sank, again bowing his head in his hands, and gasping, under the influence of acute pain.

One hysteric sob burst from Erle's lips, and then he folded his arms and stood calm and motionless, but with an expression of firmness and determination settled upon his pale features, which hardly promised that the spirit of obedience which had begun to steal over him would retain its influence.

As Lord Kingswood sat with his face still covered by his hands, all the old selfish considerations urged themselves upon his pride, and he found them too strong for his sense of justice. He regarded his last act as a piece of almost inexcusable weakness, and he rose up, making an effort to resume his self-composure, resolved, as far as possible, to counteract its influence.

"Mr. Gower," he commenced, "it is very clear that you have wholly misunderstood an involuntary movement on my part for an acknowledgment of the truth of what I have already explained to you is a most erroneous impression."

"My lord—my lord," interposed Erle, in a low, stern voice. "I can make every allowance for the difficulties of your position and its incitements to urge you to pursue a course towards me which shall minister to your pride, and to relations you have formed that you would find it hard to break. Act as you will, but do not suffer your lips to utter in my ears that which I feel, and you would know, to be a perversion of the truth. For my own part, my course is clear—"

"To be obedient to my wishes for your own sake; for your earthly happiness and future welfare, to obey implicitly my instructions," interrupted Lord Kingswood, eagerly.

Erle's brows contracted. "One of two things, my lord, either I am or I am not your son. If your son, it is my duty to render obedience to you until, at least, the law allows me to act as well as to think for myself. If I am not your son, you have no title to control my actions or to direct my future movements. In such case, Mr. Horace Vernon would be—"

"I—a—I tell you," interrupted Lord Kingswood, agitatedly, "that you are hasty, indiscreet, impetuous, I know not what—save that you are blind to your own interest. Circumstances are, however, emergent, and it is imperative that I should act promptly and decisively. I wish you well. I am anxious to see you in a proud and prosperous position. My—a—my acknowledgment, or my refusal to make that acknowledgment, does not appear to have sufficient influence over you so as to alter your own impression on the point; therefore, protesting with truth, and by my—a—by my—my honor, that it is my intention to do you service, I give you free right to think what you will of your affinity to me—but I entreat you by that impression to be obedient to me."

He held out his hand. With cold and tremulous fingers Erle took it. With quivering lips he bent over it and said—"As your son I will obey your behests, but in no other character."

"Then I command you," cried Lord Kingswood, "by that tie to keep within your lips sealed the acknowledgment I have made to you to-night. Further, to be ready to quit this chamber at a moment's notice, and to proceed to London, whither I shall direct you. There you will have laid before you plans to which you will—you must accede. Your future will then be with me—"

"With Heaven, my lord," ejaculated Erle, impressively.

"Good night," replied Lord Kingswood, seizing up the lamp and hurrying from the room with it.

The door closed sharply, the key turned in the lock, and Erle was once more alone to commune with his own thoughts.

A wild gush of feeling followed the departure of Lord Kingswood. He had elicited form his lordship a confession which, in his own mind at least, determined his birth. It was not indeed, a formal, or even a verbal admission, but it was a spontaneous burst of nature, far more truthful and legitimate than any lip avowed, however strongly supported by asseverations. Surely this was the beginning of the ending, and it would be for him as steadfastly and energetically as he could to follow up the advantage he had gained. He would be loth, indeed, to destroy the peace of Lady Kingswood, or disturb the position of her son Cyril, but he had his own birthright to establish and his mother's wrongs to avenge, and they were considerations which in his estimation, were paramount.

He thought of Lady Maud and her disinterested devotion to him. If it were possible that his intense love for her could be increased by the innocent, ingenuous example she had given him of her affection, the sacrifice she had offered to make for his sake would have lifted his love into adoration, but it was adoration already, and could not be gilded over by her golden love offering.

He gazed out of the window upon a portion of the pile of buildings forming Kingswood Hall. His eye wandered over pinnacle and turret, and his lips lifted proudly.

"I will be lord over you some day," he exclaimed, "and you, Lady Maud, mistress of my heart, shall reign there queen. See how bright yon star is which shines above the central turret, how often have I gazed upon it in superstitious belief that it is the harbinger of my destiny—my star, which will pale and descend as I fall, or glitter and rise as my fate in life brightens. How brightly it sparkles and glitters and scintillates, and see, it ascends rapidly. Beloved Maud, yet shall we stand on yonder terrace with arms and hearts entwined, and gaze on the scene beyond in proud delight—perhaps in each other's eyes."

At this moment he was startled by the sound of a voice which, beneath his window, in whispering accents, breathed his name. At first he thought it was a mere delusion, but again he heard distinctly the sounds, "Erle! Erle!"

They evidently proceeded from some person beneath his casement; he looked forth, but was unable to discover any person near any spot his eye could command, and he retired from the window satisfied that his ear had deceived him.

He sat himself down to wonder what scheme it could be that Lord Kingswood had arranged for him, what it would involve, how far it would be calculated to remove him from the chance of ultimately succeeding in the one great object he had at heart, and how far he should be justified in acceding to any proposition likely to clash with his own recognition.

He was disturbed in his ruminations by some soft substance striking the casement. It appeared to be a tuft of grass. He hastened to the window, and once more heard his own name uttered in a loud whisper.

He threw open the casement, and observed the dark figure of a man hastily retreating from the shadow of the trees in which he was confined, and advancing out into the moonlight. The form was well known to him, and he watched its movements with eagerness.

The figure turned, and the bright moonlight showed to him the ghastly face of Philip Avon directed towards him. He saw him raise his arm, then there was a blinding flash—a report. Erle felt an acute pain pass through his breast—the heavens, the casement, the room appeared to reel round with him, and he saw no more, but fell senseless upon the ground.

Before the dawn broke two men, attired in travelling costume, entered the room, one bearing a light. They saw Erle lying upon the ground, and called sharply in his ear, but he did not reply, and they shook him violently. "My God! this is blood!" exclaimed one of them, as having found his hand wetted by contact with Erle's shoulder, he held his fingers to the light.

"Blood, sure enough," cried the other. "He has been struck with a bullet."

"That's the shot I heard a little while agone," exclaimed the first. "Tubal Kish, by the Lord! I seen him prowling about the Chace to-night, and I thought he'd been on the poach; but here's his game, surely, and he ha' hit 'un, too."

"Is he dead?" inquired his companion, in a subdued voice.

"No," was the reply; "his heart's beatin', an' his body's warm. Up wi' him, gently. It's no use rousing the house; we'll carr' 'un to doctor in village, an' hear what he says. Carriage be all right at door."

And so Erle was raised up as tenderly as two brawny fellows could do it, and borne gently away, his blood seeping through his dress, and dripping as they went, leaving a ghastly track behind.

Lord Kingswood paid a visit to the chamber in the eastern wing before the household was astir. It was untenanted, and a smile broke over his face. Then his eyes caught sight of fresh blood upon the floor—there a hideous pool, and here—and on, and on—a spotted trail extending to the door which led out into the park. His blood was chilled.

"He has resisted, and this has been the consequence," he muttered. "I bade them employ force if he refused to depart, and they have. Accursed fate! shall I have this to answer for?"

He hurried to his library, and there seated himself, expecting each moment to see some servant enter with a white face and horrified aspect to tell him that murder had been committed within Kingswood Hall. But hour after hour passed, and none drew near, not even Philip Avon.

At length the hour arrived for him to visit Lady Kingswood; and he went like a culprit with murder on his soul to her chamber. As he approached it he met Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood's maid with pale faces and affrighted visages. They informed him that they had missed Lady Kingswood from her sleeping chamber, that they had made a hurried but diligent search without finding her, and that it was evident that she had not slept in her bed, as it remained as it had been made on the preceding day.

With an exclamation of horror, fright and suspicion commingled, Lord Kingswood rushed into her chamber himself, to examine and endeavor to ascertain whether her ladyship had left any clue behind her by which to trace her in her flight.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

When Lord Kingswood satisfied himself, by a rapid search of his wife's apartments, that she had quitted Kingswood Hall, it became only too painfully evident to him that it was from him she had fled.

He ransacked her desks, drawers, every and any place where he thought some paper, some scrap, scrawl, word, would, like a flash of lightning upon a dark night, show him the path he ought to take. But not a word upon a written paper, not a token, a trinket, a single article which tended to confirm the first suspicions that were raised by her sudden disappearance could he find. His search was long and carefully made, but it went unrewarded by the discovery of that he sought.

He was anxious, bitter enough even as that consolation necessarily must be, to believe that she had merely removed herself quietly from Kingswood Hall to avoid an interview with him. He was pretty closely acquainted with the foibles of her character, and he presumed that an avoidance of a direct explanation of a mystery, in the elucidation of which her happiness was absolutely interwoven, was one of those weaknesses.

What he did discover, indeed, tended directly to verify this impression. In a large case he found, heaped up in one heterogeneous mass, flung, as it were, contemptuously together, all the presents of various kinds—trinkets, rings, bracelets, diadems to the value of some thousands of pounds—he had ever given to her. He felt a spasm of pain in his heart as he recognized these baubles so huddled together, as if worthless; but, strangely enough, he regarded it as conclusive evidence that she had quitted her home *alone*, perhaps to return to the bosom of her own family, which was one of elevated rank.

He hoped that he should find this to be the case, because he knew that an explanation would then be demanded of him by her immediate relatives—an explanation that he believed, with certain documents in his possession, he could give triumphantly. Lady Kingswood's mind would be freed from its agonizing suspicion. She would see the error she had committed in not placing implicit faith in him, would return to him, and reassume her proper position in his household.

In the morning he despatched a brief message to Lady Maud, announcing his intention to proceed to London. Even as she received it she saw from her window his carriage whirled at a swift pace down the avenue, and she saw his pale face look from out the carriage window and turn towards the pile of buildings like that of one who looks his last upon his home.

So she was left alone and unprotected, save by the servants, in that drear old Hall.—She would have been affrighted at her situation but that she thought that Erle would be some where near her.

After what had transpired the evening before, she quite expected that her maid, Harebell, would communicate some intelligence to her respecting him; but the girl remained perfectly silent, and moved about with a soft, slow, noiseless tread, like one who knows there is death in the house. Her face, too, was as white as a ghost, and it had a fixed expression of blank horror upon it.

At length Maud, unable to endure her silence and her strange solemnity of countenance, asked her by a direct question whether Mr. Gower was still a prisoner. The girl, with a frightened look, stammered a negative.

Lady Maud put a dozen hurried questions to her, all tending to one point—"What had become of him?"

The girl tried to speak to her twice or thrice, but she only gasped. Her upper lip quivered violently. She wrung her hands and burst into tears. Lady Maud, whiter than the fresh-fallen snow, looked at her as though in those tears, those gestures of anguish, she would read his fate. For an instant her eyes pierced her through and through, until the girl absolutely felt the room swim round her; then Lady Maud rushed past her, and so out of the room. With a hoarse gasp of horror the girl pursued her, but she had taught Lady Maud a near way to the lone chamber in the eastern turret, and she fled towards it with the speed of a deer.

The girl felt as if her limbs were palsied. She tried to be swift, too, but her knees shook and tottered beneath her. She fell twice, but she uprose again, and staggered on after her young mistress, and, at length, reached the chamber door. With terrified eyes she looked within, and beheld Lady Maud standing like one who had been suddenly transformed into a figure of stone, her glazed eyes fixed upon a pool of human blood.

Presently she heard a low moan, wail—groan—a sound expressive of intensest human agony burst from her lady's lips, and then suddenly she saw her move from the spot to which she had appeared frozen, and follow the ghastly drops *zig zag* upon the floor, down stone stairs to the doorway leading out into the park. With a sudden wrench she turned in the lock, and pulled back the door itself, bent down to the green, soft, waving grass, and here and there traced a crimson spot, until her eyesight left her, and she swooned where the body had been rested, and where there was a larger patch of gore than before.

Harebell reached her, knelt by her side, felt her cold hands, her colder forehead, saw her closed eyes and half parted mouth, and then shrieked wildly, madly, frantically for help. The screams were heard within the hall, they rang through the corridors and the vaulted roof. Help came. Servants, astounded, at finding Lady Maud senseless in such a spot, bore her to her chamber. Medical aid was brought as quickly as possible, and some long, dreary days passed ere consciousness could be said to have returned to her frame. It was needless for the skilled physician who had been brought thither to ask what had occurred; it was enough for him to know that the brain had undergone a strain to which it had succumbed, and his directions were to Harebell, who would suffer no one to wait upon Lady Maud but herself night or day, that she must not on any account be disturbed either by sounds or faces; that it would be proper instantly to communicate to Lord and Lady Kingswood Lady Maud's dangerous condition, but that it would be better for the present if neither attempted to see her.

Harebell listened to him with anxious eyes, and then upturning her pallid, haggard countenance to his, she sank upon her knees before him. "Pray, sir," she said, sobbingly, "if you would save my dear, dear lady, give your strictest orders to the servants in the hall not to admit Mr. Philip Avon here, during Lord or Lady Kingswood's absence, on any excuse or pretence whatever."

The physician regarded her with surprise. "What is the meaning of this excitement?" he asked.

"Do not ask me, sir," she answered, entreatingly. "But, oh, if you would not kill my poor dear young lady outright, do not allow Mr. Avon to come near the Hall."

The physician mused a moment. "This fellow is at the bottom of the poor young lady's illness," he muttered. "I know the coarse brute." Then raising his voice, he said—"I have already given you strict orders not to admit any one to the presence of Lady Maud St. Clair, except a nurse, whose aid you must obtain immediately, or we shall have you laid up too, and I am sure your mistress cannot spare your services now, my good girl."

"But Mr. Avon," urged the still weeping girl. "He must not be suffered to place his foot upon the threshold, or he will force his way up here, if only to talk to Lady Maud through the keyhole of her room. She will die, sir, if she knows *he* is near her."

"Well, well," said the physician, kindly, "I will give my orders to the men below. There, away to your mistress's bed-side, she will need all your watching; and that of others too."

As he passed through the hall, he, in compliance with the request of Harebell, put the desired veto on Mr. Philip Avon's admission. Philip came, his face sallower and longer than ever. He was not allowed to approach the threshold. He listened to the statements of the servants without surprise or other emotion, and turned, or rather slunk away in a fashion which greatly amazed three or four of the men who had anticipated a good horse-whipping in the struggle which was expected to attend the execution of the doctor's orders.

In the meantime Lord Kingswood reached London, and his first task was to make some inquiries respecting Erle. He was startled with the answers he received, but though amazed and mystified, he was really not dissatisfied. Death might supervene—death, not wrought by his means, might relieve him from more than one-half of his present care.

He ascertained also, without loss of time, that the Marquis of Chillingham was in London, and had not quitted it during his own absence; that he had gone through the usual official routine, without deviation. But he learned also that Lady Kingswood had not returned to her father's roof, and that her family, as well as the world—the fashionable world—believed that she was yet rusticating at Kingswood Hall.

He was greatly perplexed at this. He could form no notion what her resources were, and therefore could not imagine whither she had fled. Jealous suspicions would still occasionally obtrude, but he dismissed them, under the impression that she would not be so lost to all sense of her own dignity and position, to the rank and honor of her own relatives, as well as that of himself and his—her son.

He was doomed, however, to be awakened to a sense of its possibility. The action which had been commenced by Horace Vernon was postponed upon application to the Court upon the plea of the unavoidable absence of a material witness, and Lord Kingswood laughed when he heard it. He did not laugh long.

Then came the news of Lady Maud's illness, of which he took little heed. He was given to understand that she was under the care of an eminent physician, and that he considered to be all that was necessary for her. He could do her no good if he made a journey to Kingswood Hall to see her, besides, he hated sick chambers. And thus he sat in a state of bewildering, anxious expectancy, when one evening—seated in his library alone—his valet, Pharisee, entered, and prayed him to grant an interview, as he had a communication to make to him of the utmost importance.

Lord Kingswood eyed him superciliously. "I suspect, Pharisee, you can tell me of little I am unacquainted with," he said, coldly. "I therefore look upon the matter as closed, and beg I may no more be troubled with it."

"Your lordship, I am sure, does not imagine the subject upon which I am about to speak," said Pharisee, almost humbly.

Lord Kingswood eyed him again. The man looked, thin, gaunt and miserable, as if he had just risen from a severe attack of yellow jaundice. There was a strange expression in his eye and about his mouth that rather disturbed his lordship when he observed it. It was either insanity or intense malevolence which was there exhibited. Lord Kingswood felt uncomfortable, and cast his eye upon the bell. Then he said, with apparent serenity—

"Proceed, Pharisee."

Pharisee drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a leathern wallet, and from it he drew a paper, which he laid before Lord Kingswood.

Lord Kingswood frowned. He was sick of papers. Yet he took it up. It was a note, and addressed to the Marquis of Chillingham. The letters flashed blindingly in his eyes, as if each one was an electric spark.

He uttered a cry of pain. The handwriting was Lady Kingswood's, and the note that which she had entrusted to Pharisee in the picture-gallery of Kingswood House to deliver to the Marquis of Chillingham. Lord Kingswood's white hands trembled violently as he opened the note, and a deadly faintness overcame him, so that for a moment he could not see one word. At length, by an effort, he mastered it contents. He fixed his inflamed eyes on Pharisee's.

"There is no signature," he said, hoarsely.

"Your lordship, I presume, recognizes the handwriting?" returned Pharisee.

Lord Kingswood gnashed his teeth together, but still, with seeming coldness, he rejoined—"Most women write alike."

"The contents, my lord, speak for themselves," returned Pharisee; "but if your lordship is still in doubt, I can remove that doubt positively."

"Whose handwriting do you declare it to be?" he asked, grimly.

"Lady Kingswood's," replied Pharisee.

Lord Kingswood set his teeth together, and a gloomy frown settled on his pale brow.—"Her ladyship speaks of an interview in the epistle," he said, huskily. "Are you acquainted with any particulars respecting it?"

"I am, my lord," returned his valet, looking askance at the quivering nobleman with an expression of malignant joy gleaming in his sinister eyes.

"There is also a trustworthy messenger spoken of. Are you the individual so honored?" inquired his lordship, in a contemptuously sarcastic tone.

"No, my lord," answered Pharisee, lying promptly.

"Who, then?" interrogated his lordship, curtly.

"Pengreep!" responded Pharisee.

Lord Kingswood started. It was incredible that *he* could have been the confidential messenger. "You must be mistaken," exclaimed his lordship.

"I am positive. I can give your lordship proofs," was the reply.

"What of the interview here mentioned? Know you aught of that?" inquired his lordship, his throat swelling so that it promised to suffocate him.

"I do, my lord," answered Pharisee.

"Did it ever take place?" interrogated Lord Kingswood.

"It did, my lord."

"Where?"

"In this house!"

"In this house?" hissed Lord Kingswood beneath his teeth.

"In this house, my lord," returned Pharisee, in a low, shrill, and emphatic tone. "Within the picture-gallery they met at the second hour past midnight."

A groan burst from Lord Kingswood's lips, of such intense agony, that it seemed as though his life had gone out with it.

Pharisee drew himself up and champed his teeth together. "You have cursed me, struck me, scoffed at me, insulted me, kicked me, because I have been your slave," he thought. "You have done all this at your whim, caprice, because it pleased you to think a servant such as I could have no sensitive feelings, no appreciation of scorn, no comprehension of contempt. I have felt your bitterness as though it gashed me with poisoned knives. You feel mine now." Then he spoke aloud. "Your lordship can hardly fail to recollect the night," he said cunningly. "You were disturbed, my lord, by a loud scream. You hastened to discover the cause. You found Lady Maud St. Clair senseless on the floor near her own chamber. Lady Kingswood was bending over her. My lord, Lady Maud walked in her sleep into the gallery, and there disturbed my lady and the Marquis of Chillingham in their *tete-a-tete*."

"I—I—I—remember the accursed night but too well!" gasped Lord Kingswood, pressing his clenched fists upon his forehead. A fearful struggle went on within his breast. His face became crimson, then purple, and his lips blue. Pharisee thought he had fallen into a fit, and hastened to assist him by loosening his cravat.

Lord Kingswood, however, sprang up, and in a voice of thunder, warned him off. Then he paced the room hastily, it was easy to see, suffering under throes of the most acute mental torture, but he suffered no further sounds, in the shape of groans or wails, to leave his lips. At length he paused, and it seemed as if the struggle within his breast was at an end, for he, with a firm and calm step, returned to his seat. "The interview you have acquainted me with cannot have been the only one which has taken place between these people," he said, in a voice yet husky, but strangely calm and collected, "it must have been preceded by others."

"And has been succeeded by others, my lord," answered Pharisee, artfully. "The marquis and my lady have corresponded much together."

The ghastliness of Lord Kingswood's face was something fearful to look upon; even the scoundrel Pharisee recoiled from it. "Have you been able to obtain possession of any other letters than this?" he asked, in a voice which slightly trembled.

"I have, my lord," returned Pharisee, reproducing his wallet.

He drew forth a number of forged notes, and handed them to Lord Kingswood. They were all forgeries, executed with great skill by himself. "I cannot explain, my lord, what part old Pengreep has played in this dreadful affair," he said, in a smooth and hypocritical tone, "but an accident revealed to me that he had possession of them, and I filched them from him. They are now yours."

Lord Kingswood opened one, and read it with burning eyes. He sank back in his chair, and closing his eyes, breathed heavily. Pharisee watched him with a diabolical grin of triumph, and then said, "I think, my lord—"

Lord Kingswood leaped to his feet and shouted—"Leave me, accursed knave. You can add nothing now to the damning torture you have inflicted upon me. I will hear no more. Go, go, for I shall strangle you, man, if you remain another moment!"

"One word, my lord, e'er we part," said Pharisee, assuming a bolder tone and attitude. "I leave England to-night and forever. The paper your lordship signed in my favor is, I am advised, valueless, being imperfectly drawn up. I have therefore again to throw myself on your lordship's liberality to reward my many important, valuable and faithful services."

Lord Kingswood caught up a purse filled with notes and gold, which lay in an open drawer, and flung it passionately at him. It struck him a violent blow on the temple, and brought blood. As he staggered he heard his lordship exclaim—"Take that as the wages of your infamy, and depart, or I will have you flung into the street."

Pharisee snatched up the purse and pocketed it. Raging with pain and fury, he was about to utter a violently insulting speech, when he observed the door of the room gently open, and the face of Mrs. Pharisee appear in the opening.

The lady had taken skillful advantage of an opportunity which incessant watching had given her, and had slunk into the mansion by the servants' entrance. Before she caught sight of her husband, he leaped at her, flung her back with violence, and descended the stairs, he knew not how many at a time, with the lady of his name in full chase.

They were out of the house and away before, as the porter said, he "could see what the aperishuns was."

Lord Kingswood passed the night in his library—he and Heaven alone knew how. In the morning he dressed himself with care, and entering his carriage, bade his coachman drive him to the Treasury, as there, surrounded by his haughty, aristocratic colleagues, he knew he should meet with the Marquis of Chillingham.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Boston Post asks, "Who wants a better National Hım than General Scott?" Nobody, Mr. Post. We can get along with that and Uncle Psalm!

SOUTH CAROLINA'S DESIRE,

(As expressed by Mr. Russell, of the London Times.)

"If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content."

"We want a little Prince
That will make the Yankees wince,
A little Prince of Wales
With a feather with three tails,
Who is fed while in his cradle
With a diamond-handled ladle,
Who'll reign over us and rule us,
And with silly titles fool us,
And may decorate us arter
With an order of the garter,
Oh! give us such a Highness,"
Cry the sister Carolinas.

"In our present warlike bustle
We have said to Mr. Russell,
Pray tell the British nation
Of our wants and tribulation,
And ask if it can spare
A little British heir,
Just to set upon the throne
In a land that was his own,
Ere those thundering old 'Villyans,'
Of Puritan Cromwellians,
Came with notions so new fangled,
And our loyal parties tangled,
And we'll promise not to weigh him
In the balance, but obey him,
And respect his right divine as,"
Say the Sister Carolinas.

"What admirable sport
It will be to go to court,
With Honiton and feathers,
And military leathers,
And our sword-belts and scabbards,
And our grand heraldic tabards,
Hemmed in by splendid coaches
From the plebeian approaches,
With our coachman and our varlets
Decked in laces and in scarlets,
And all the gorgeous splendors
That royalty engenders.
Why 'twill be almost exciting
As a gouging match, or fighting,
In the way that's far more showy,
With the keen incisive Bowie.
The Southern mothers cry for it,
Our little children sigh for it,
'Twill be a soothing syrup
That will make our infants chirrup
In the arms of their Dinahs,"
Cry the South Carolinas.

"Why, the thought of all the titles
Makes us squirm in our vitals
No touch of vile ignom—iny
Could stain a Viscount Hominy,
And high above low classes
See the Marquis of Molasses!
What noble could be prouder,
Than the fearless Baron Chowder?
What dun dare claim his money due
From dashing young Lord Honeydew?
These make you will confess
A magnificent noblesse,
With their highly colored vassals
And their white Corinthian castles,
Quite as ancient as the Rhine has,"
Cry the Sister Carolinas.

—*Vanity Fair.*

The Affair at Boonville, Missouri.—As Gen. Lyon, with the steamers Jaton, McDowell, and City of Louisville, were approaching Booneville, on Monday morning the 18th, he espied a battery on the river bank, five miles below the town, at Adams' Mill. He then turned back and went down to about eight miles below Booneville, and then landed his forces, amounting to seventeen hundred men with four field pieces. He left eleven men to guard the boats, and took up his march for the town on the Rocheport road.

When within six miles of Booneville, he was attacked by the State troops, 3,000 strong, commanded by Col. Little, late of the U. S. army, who were concealed in the thick undergrowth and wheat fields; and after a sharp fight, the State troops drew back to their camp, three miles below Booneville, on River Bluff, and their provisions, equipage, and a number of horses were taken.

The disunion troops then retreated West through Booneville, in great disorder. They were poorly armed and badly disciplined.

The loss of the Union forces were four killed and nine wounded. Four of the disunion troops was known to have been killed and fifteen or twenty wounded.

The United States troops say many of the State force were wounded, and they speak of walking over a large number of dead bodies.

Gen. Lyon took some sixty or seventy prisoners, but released them under the terms of his proclamation.

Gen. Price (Secessionist) was taken with a violent diarrhœa at the beginning of the battle, and was carried to his home in Chariquatan.

On the morning of the fight Gov. Jackson was going to the camp with Capt. Kelley's company, but when the battle begun, they immediately retreated, and the company embarking on board the steamer H. D. Bacon, went up the river. Jackson and staff went westward on horseback.

It is supposed the Secessionists will make another stand somewhere near Lexington—People living near Syracuse say that 600 troops retreated from Booneville with six pieces of cannon, and reached Syracuse. It is supposed that when the reinforcements which are expected on the steamer January arrive, Gen. Lyon will proceed westward.

Capt. Totten, of the U. S. army, with 1,000 men, arrived at Syracuse on the 20th, anxious to see Gov. Jackson. The Governor had gone further south to Warsaw. A conflict had taken place between the Union Home Guards, under Capt. Cook, and a large force of secessionists from Warsaw, in which the former had to retreat.

True to the Flag.—While both army and navy officers have resigned and entered the Rebels' service by scores, not a single sailor or soldier has deserted. Whatever motive may have actuated politicians, the people have not forgotten the meaning of loyalty and patriotism.

The Emperor's Joke.—The Prince Imperial and the Emperor were in discussion about educational subjects, and from pothooks had got to synonyms and equivalents of words, when the juvenile Imperial blood asked his parent to explain to him the difference between the word "accident" and "misfortune," which have certainly a little closer affinity in French than English, and seem to require a little elucidation. After a pause for an illustration, his Majesty said—"I will tell you, my boy, the exact difference. It would be an accident if your cousin Prince Napoleon were to tumble into the Seine—but it would be a misfortune if any one were to help him out again."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PENSACOLA.

A letter from a naval officer says:—"The large and expensive floating dry-dock was towed out into the harbor by a couple of tugs; but, as the current was running strong, they were not able to manage it, and it was anchored almost abreast of Fort Pickens.—We supposed they intended to place it in a position where it would not be destroyed, in case of a bombardment of the Navy Yard.

"Col. Brown has sent Gen. Bragg word that if he attempts to remove it, or place a battery upon it, he will fire upon him and destroy it. As it is made of pitch pine it will burn well, and hot shot are in constant readiness at the Fort for this purpose."

A Patriotic Lady.—It appears that when Captain Armstrong was about to surrender the Navy Yard, his daughter, after a vain endeavor to persuade him not so to act, demanded of him a dozen men, and *she* would protect the place until aid came; but no! he was a traitor in his heart, and must so act; the dear old flag was hauled down from where it had so long waved, and the renegade Renshaw run his sword through it, venting his spleen upon the flag which had so long kept him from starvation. Human nature could not stand it, and the brave woman, seizing the flag, took her scissors and cut from it the Union, telling them that the time was not far distant when she would replace it unsullied, but for the *stripes*, she left them as their legacy, being their just deserts.

Fort Pickens.—A letter from the ship Sabine says:—"We have been busy for the last month discharging transports loaded with guns, shot, shell, &c., for Fort Pickens, as well as a number of columbiads and large mortars. They are all mounted, and everything is in working order. Fort Pickens cannot be taken, and Colonel Brown says that there will not be ten men killed in the fort when the fight takes place. The whole island, from the fort to the navy-yard, is one mass of batteries, comprising guns of the largest calibre. The Sabine is to have a battery of columbiads."

All the officers in the fleet have retkaen the oath. It is said that Capt. Adams squirmed a little.

WASHINGTON.

On the 19th, Lord Lyons, accompanied by Secretary Seward, visited the President. Lord Lyons presented despatches from his Government, conveying strong assurances of its desire to preserve and perpetuate friendly relations with this country, and to avoid all interference in our domestic affairs. Lord Lyons also stated that his Government had determined not to admit any prizes, taken by Southern privateers, into any of the ports of England or the British possessions.

Ten more regiments have been called for from Massachusetts, and four more from New Hampshire.

The War department has accepted from the different States 250,000 volunteers, who are now ready for service, and 150,000 are already under pay.

It is now only five days over two months since the President's Proclamation, calling out 75,000 volunteers, was issued, and we have to-day over 100,000 well equipped men in the field, converging in different lines upon Washington, or already in the city, with an equal number in the field in the West, or about coming to this point from the North, with still another hundred thousand in process of equipment.

In anticipation of a speedy collision between the opposing armies, Gen. Scott has ordered all the surgeons connected with the army in this city to cross the Potomac, which order has been obeyed.

The Washington Star says that General McDonald has advanced his lines four miles towards Fairfax Court House. The Confederate camp is but two miles from that of the Federal troops, but there are no indications of an attack on either side.

A strict examination of the causes of the lamentable affair at Vienna, has resulted in the exculpation of the engineer of the train which took up the Ohio troops. The responsibility of the blunder which resulted so disastrously for our troops rests entirely upon Gen. Schenck.

The National Republican says it is probable that Congress will place means at the disposal of the President for the colonization of such of our colored people as desire to emigrate to Hayti, and that the contraband slaves now held by the Federal troops will be included in this measure.

TENNESSEE.

The Memphis Bulletin, of the 18th, says, at Nashville, on election day, a large number of tickets were endorsed "No More Yankee School Teachers." The vote of Tennessee, *as far as heard from*, was, for separation, 99,296; no separation, 44,206. [Of course the further returns will favor the Union vote.] The same paper says "it is time to put aside all such delicacy as that which springs from the idea of neutrality. We trust that Columbus (Ky.) will be seized and fortified in a formidable manner, and all communication with Cairo stopped; then we need never apprehend the contest in this valley extending to Memphis."

VIRGINIA.

In the Virginia Convention, at Wheeling, an ordinance has been passed, by 73 to 3, providing for the entire reorganization of the State government. Every officer is to be obliged to swear allegiance to the United States, and to repudiate all other allegiance. A new State seal and other emblems of authority have been ordered.

In the Convention on the 20th, the Declaration reconstructing the State government was signed—it was an impressive scene. Frank P. Pierpont, of Marion county, was unanimously elected Provisional Governor; Daniel Paisley, of Mason county, Lieutenant Governor, and Messrs. Lamb, Paxton, Van Winkle, Harrison and Lazear form the Governor's Council.

The Governor was formally inaugurated, taking, in addition to the usual oath, one of the strongest opposition to the usurpers at Richmond. He then delivered an address to the members of the Convention, urging a vigorous prosecution of the work of redeeming the state from the hands of the rebels. A message favoring a strong military organization, is expected in a day or two.

Wheeling was in a blaze of excitement. Fireworks, bells, cannons and music were combined to illustrate the general joy.

A special despatch from Richmond to the N. O. Picayune, dated June 15th, says the veil of secrecy has been removed from the proceedings in the former Convention. The original vote in that body (April 17th) on the question of secession, stood, for secession 88 against it 55. On the 14th instant, the ordinance was signed by 91 only.

Great Bethel.—A private letter from a prominent participator in the battle of Big Bethel, furnishes the following interesting details of that action:—

The bearer of our flag of truce, a captain of Zouaves, dined with Gen. Magruder at York town. He seemed very much elated with his victory. The rebel commander confessed his own loss to be very large, owing to the pertinacity of the Zouave's fire.

By the acknowledgment of the rebels the first shell fired by our forces, under direction of Lieut. Greble, hit exactly inside the rebel battery, and killed ten men and a horse. The rebel loss of killed and wounded is over one hundred. Thirty were killed. Our Zouaves picked them out with unerring aim for an hour and a half. Major Winthrop, killed three himself, one an officer. The rebels were about leaving their entrenchment when Gen. Pierce ordered a retreat.

The rebels have increased their battery, and have an additional force of two thousand men from North Carolina and Louisiana, and make their stand at Yorktown.

Harper's Ferry Revisited.—A despatch from Harper's Ferry to the Washington Star confirms the report that three hundred Confederate troopers arrived at the Ferry on the 20th, and completed the work of destruction. They burnt the rifle factory and the Shenandoah bridge, and ran a large first-class locomotive that was left on the track off the abutment of the bridge into the river. They said they were instructed to blow up every house in the town on which a Union flag should be found, but fortunately there were none.

They commenced to arrest all the Union men, and succeeded in securing several, whom they took off; and the balance, about fifty in number, they pursued into the river which they swam across and reached the Maryland shore safely, although they were repeatedly fired at by the troopers, and balls passed through the hats of two of the fugitives. The government should send a protection to these unfortunate people as soon as practicable. The troopers found and took away from the rifle factory about fifty thousand gun stocks.

An Expedition up the Great Kanawha.—The Cleveland Herald states that on Sunday a fleet of twelve light draught steamers passed down the Ohio river from Pittsburg. They were chartered by the government, but their exact destination was not known. It is reported that they were hired for Bellair, where they would take on a force of 2,700 U. S troops, said to have arrived there by the Central Ohio railroad from Camp Jackson, and convey them to Point Pleasant, on the Kanawha river, in South-Western Virginia.

Gen. Joseph Johnston (Ex-Governor of Virginia) has been captured in full regimentals, near Phillippi, by a party of our Western troops, and carried triumphantly into Grafton.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville, June 21.—It is generally conceded that all the Union candidates for Congress are chosen in the various districts, with the exception of the First District, where H. C. Burnett, the Secession candidate, is elected.

CAIRO.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, arrived at Cairo on the 19th from the South. He says nothing in regard to Southern affairs, but complains that his correspondence has been tampered with by the secessionists, his letters detained, altered, and some not sent at all from Southern post-offices.

MISSOURI.

St. Louis Riot.—Testimony in regard to the recent street riot, shows that the troops were fired on both by persons on the sidewalks and by others concealed in adjoining houses. One witness says that twenty-five shots were thus fired at them. It was one continued firing, and they only returned it in self-defence, but were immediately stopped by their officers. A fire company's house was the place whence the shots were fired. Four citizens were killed and some were wounded by shots fired from the house. There was firing also from the window of the Recorder's Court room. All the talk about the troops shooting each other was unfounded.

MARYLAND.

All the U. S. troops have recrossed the Potomac and returned to Williamsport from Virginia. The rebel camp is only a few miles from the river. When the U. S. troops reached the vicinity of Martinsburg the leading rebels all fled.

The Maryland Legislature has adopted a resolution in favor of the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy. The next election will probably give Maryland a legislature that will truly represent the Union feeling of the State.

Col. Wallace's Indiana regiment entrenched itself at Cumberland, being warned of an attack. Three regiments were sent to reinforce it. The rebels did not appear. They are said to be at Romney.

Marshal Bonifant is summoning witnesses from Baltimore County, to appear before the United States Grand Jury on Monday, in the case of Mr. Merryman, both as to burning the bridge and his acts against the Union men in the vicinity. The Grand Jury is composed entirely of unconditional Union men.

Hagerstown, Md., June 20.—Lieut. Col. Bowman, and also a Sergeant of the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, accidentally got within the enemy's lines, yesterday, opposite Williamsport, and were captured.

How Sudden the Earthquake Was.—A writer, describing the Mendoza earthquake, says:—"The town was all peace and activity. Customers were in the shops, visitors in the parlors, loungers about the corners—a bright moon shone—when in five minutes the whole town was in a heap, or rather a series of heaps of ruin. The cloud of dust from the fallen walls was so dense that for half an hour the moon was invisible, an intense darkness adding to the confusion and dismay of survivors. Ere long the lurid light of burning buildings, or remains of buildings, began to gleam. Some persons who had been buried under the walls, but were alive, were burned. On every hand rose cries for help. Robbery then set in. Shops and stores were scenes of unhindered pillage. The earth at intervals was still trembling. The savage robbers would rob, and then kneel in prayer, crying in loud voice for mercy, and up and at the work of depredation once again. A nun was taken out alive who had been under the ruins eight days, but she did not survive, such had been the shock to her system and such her exhaustion. A man was actually taken out who had been sixteen days buried under the ruins. He had sustained a bruise on the head, on which some worms had bred.

The Charleston Mercury Cannot Credit the Fairfax Affair.—The Charleston Mercury of June 8th says:—The reported retreat of two companies of Virginia cavalry before a single company of United States troopers, without even crossing swords with them, is almost incredible news. We do not know what to make of it. Is the thing possible? It is said, in extenuation of this apparent dastardly conduct, that one company of the Virginia cavalry was without pistols. But what a vain and empty excuse! What are the use of pistols in a sabre fight? The sabre, not the pistol, is the weapon for a charge of cavalry upon cavalry. Still further, it is stated that the other company of Virginians *had* pistols. They were two to one against the United States troops and backed, besides, by a company of riflemen. Good God! is this the sort of fighting Southern troops intend to make? Why, with their riflemen and two sabres to one, they ought to have cut up the Lincolnites to a man, and pursued the last man into the very encampment of the enemy.

☞ **News for the Marines.**—That Mr. Rarey has been engaged by the rebels to try his hand at quieting United States Cruisers.
—*Vanity Fair.*

ARMY MATTERS.

New Inventions.—The inventive talent of the country is devoting itself to the production of improved arms and more destructive weapons of warfare. An inventor in Marblehead exhibits to the Government a small shell, the explosion of which, he says, as I read in his statements of its power, "would kill the devil." I do not know that he states that he comes to this conclusion upon actual experiment.

An inventor in New York State exhibits a grenade, intended to protect merchant ships from being boarded by boats from privateers. It is oval in form, and may vary in weight from one to six or eight pounds. It is intended to be projected by the hand, and two or three grenades thrown into a boat approaching a vessel will, it is claimed, blow it to pieces.

Rifled Ordnance.—The term rifled is applied to muskets or pieces of ordnance when their bores are furrowed with spiral grooves. A bullet made of lead, cast in a spherical form, having unavoidably some irregularities on its surface, and from an unequal expansion in cooling, a void space being formed in the interior, by which the density is caused to vary in different directions from the centre, it follows that, when such bullet is discharged from a common musket, the atmosphere pressing unequally against its front on opposite sides of the line of flight, causes it to deviate continually from the direction which, when uniformly resisted, it would take by gravity and the impulse of the fired gunpowder. It will also happen that the bullet acquires by friction in the barrel a rotatory motion about the same diameter as an axis, and this diameter not coinciding, except by an extraordinay chance, with the proper path of the ball, the pressure of the air, which, when that coincidence does not take place, will be greater on the side of the ball where the revolving motion conspires with the direct motion, than on the opposite side, where the two motions are in contrary directions, will, even if there were no irregularity of surface, produce deviation. The intention, therefore, of forming spiral grooves within the barrel, is to produce a rotatory motion of the shot about an axis which shall coincide with the line of its path, in order that the unequal pressure of the atmosphere in its front, on account of any irregularity in its form or density, may correct itself at every half revolution of the shot on such axis; so that, on arriving at the object, the deviation may be only that which is due to some fraction of a rotation.

Waste of Labor.—The patriotic ladies who have been so industriously preparing lint for the use of the army hospitals, are assured by Mr. Josiah C. Nott, a distinguished Mobile physician, that they have been wasting their time and wearing out their eyes for nothing. He says *cotton is just as good for dressing wounds as lint.* The patent lint commonly used by surgeons, is all, or nearly all, made of cotton. Some of the best European surgeons use the cotton-wool in preference to lint. Everybody uses cotton for dressing for a burn, the most intense of all inflammations. The Doctor says he has been in the habit for years of using simple cotton in his extensive practice, and he knows it is just as good as the lint which our kind-hearted ladies have spent so much time to prepare.

The Addition to the Regular Army.—The eleven new regiments are organized upon a system new to our army. Each regiment of foot is to consist of 2,452 men, officers included, divided into three battalions of eight companies each. Each battalion is commanded by a Major, making three Majors to a regiment instead of one as heretofore. The number of officers to a company is not increased.

The list of new regimental officers includes many names that are familiar to the public. Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, now commanding at Fort Pickens, is made Colonel of the 5th Artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel Keyes, late aid-de-camp to General Scott, is Colonel of the 11th Infantry. Of the 12th Infantry, the Colonel is W. B. Franklin, lately a Captain of Topographical Engineers, a most accomplished officer, and charged with the completion of the Capitol enlargement at Washington. He is now staying in New York, and will have his head-quarters at Fort Hamilton. Colonel Stone, now commanding the volunteers of the District of Columbia, is made Colonel of the 14th Infantry. Major F. J. Porter, distinguished at Chepultepec, and since instructor of artillery at West Point, is Colonel of the 15th Infantry. The 17th is commanded by Colonel Heintzelman, now at Alexandria, who distinguished himself and gained promotion in Mexico. The Colonel of the 18th is H. B. Carrington, for some time Adjutant-General of Ohio. Col. Canly, of the 19th, was brevetted twice for gallant conduct in Mexico.

Among the new Majors we recognize the names of Captains Doubleday and Foster, both among the defenders of Fort Sumter; of the gallant Slemmer of Fort Pickens; of D. A. Rucker, brevetted at Buena Vista; of W. H. Sidell, formerly of the 1st Artillery, and then a surveyor in New York, an engineer on the Croton Aqueduct, the Long Island Railroad, and the Erie Railroad, &c.; and of Clarence A. Seward, a near relative of the Secretary of State.

Among those named as subaltern officers are Theodore Winthrop, killed at Great Bethel; George E. Waring, Jr., now Major of the Garibaldi Guard, at Washington, and T. P. McElrath, of New York, now a Lieutenant in Hawkins's Zouaves, at Fortress Monroe.

Among the Second Lieutenants in the army just appointed, is Francis E. Brownell, the avenger of Colonel Ellsworth.

A True Kentucky Unionist.—Judge W. F. Bullock, at a recent meeting in Louisville, is reported as follows:—"Though every Southern State secede, I would have Kentucky stand alone and stand firm.—I would as soon think of deserting the grave of my father, or the flag of my country in the hour of battle, as of advising Kentucky to desert the Union at this crisis. I would rather fall dead this instant than to do so. All the blood in my veins is Southern; all my relatives live in the South; I deeply sympathize with my deluded and misguided Southern brethren; but I would strike down as a traitor even my twin brother who should dare to trail the flag of the United States, the flag of my country, upon my native soil of Kentucky. And I brand him a liar who calls Kentucky a coward for sustaining, as she will, the government of the United States."

Remember the Prisoner.—Lieutenant Worden, United States Navy, long ago arrested by General Bragg for some alleged violation of an understanding between him and Captain Adams of the Sabine, is still confined and silently awaiting his doom in the common jail at Montgomery. Lieutenant Worden is one of the most worthy officers of the navy. He is a native of Connecticut, and was for several years the Lieutenant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He has been so long imprisoned by the rebels that he has almost been forgotten. Some effort ought to be made by the government to secure his release. "The poor fellow," writes an Alabama secessionist, "has no money and no friends here. The little capital he had has been paid, from time to time, for food and trivial comforts, to the family of his jailer."

The Field Movements in Virginia.

At length the grand operations of military strategy in the open field have fully begun in all parts of Virginia, and the aspect of the board, as it varies from day to day, is one of the most interesting studies the observant mind can direct its attention to. Gen. Johnston has not gone to Manassas Junction, precisely as we thought. His retreat was a feint to draw Gen. Cadwalader into a snare, and fall upon his division suddenly with an overwhelming force. Cadwalader had but 6,000 men and a few pieces of artillery and one cavalry troop while Johnston had from 12,000 to 14,000 men with a whole park of artillery and several regiments of cavalry.—The rebel lines stretch from Winchester to Martinsburg. In crossing the Potomac, Gen. Cadwalader's orders were to occupy Martinsburg, but finding that the enemy was still close at hand in full force, he fell back, at the same time sending reinforcements to Cumberland to succor the Indiana regiment there, threatened as it was with an attack of three or four thousand rebels. It is plain that Johnston's idea was to throw a body of men between Cadwalader's division and that of Keim, and when the communications were thus interrupted to fall suddenly upon Cadwalader's corps with his whole army.

To avert such a catastrophe, Cadwalader, duly advised of all the enemy's movements, and easily understanding them, merely came in sight of the rebel lines for the purpose of drawing them in pursuit of him, and then, retreating in good order, rapidly recrossed the Potomac, and placed the river between him and the enemy, with Keim's division in reserve. Should Johnston follow Cadwalader, which we do not expect, he would encounter the whole United States army of 22,000 men. He is probably too old a soldier for that, and will again assume the defensive.

He is now on his second line of defence, which we mentioned recently, and will probably maintain it until driven back by a flank movement or menaced by the operations of McClellan's corps in his rear. The latter is moving upon a new line of operations, differing materially from the one first settled upon by General Scott, but rendered necessary by the enemy's retreat from Harper's Ferry. As it has been already made public by the western papers, we may point out that his object is to move up the valley of the Kanawha either to the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, which leads directly to Richmond, via Lynchburg, or to go to Stanton and threaten Richmond by that route. Proceeding along either route he would have serious work to do before reaching Richmond, but the mere presence of his large army in that region would necessitate Johnston's retreat southward, or compel Beauregard to send an army across the mountains to oppose him.

As the whole object at present is to get rid of Johnston's army in order to enable the United States forces under Patterson, Morris, and McClellan to concentrate for the grand attack upon Richmond, the advance movements of McDowell's corps from Arlington, are intended to push forward our lines gradually further towards the mountains. Great demands for soldiers are made constantly upon the north in order to enable Scott to throw overwhelming forces into Virginia, rendering it unavoidable for the enemy to assume the offensive or fall back. Unfortunately we have no superior Generals in this corps. McDowell, though a well-trained and skillful officer, appears to lack strategic ability. Schenck has none. Runyon has had no opportunity as yet, but is believed to be exceedingly careful. With men of this kind Scott is not likely to take the risk of a battle unless he has made up his mind to command in person. Beauregard's known character is, not to try the test of a fight unless the odds be in his favor. He will therefore accumulate men and batteries everywhere, and from this cause unexpected collisions may occur in which we shall suffer from being taken at a disadvantage. It is obvious that the manœuvring is close on both sides, and that nothing is taken for granted.

Thus far but two Generals on our side have manifested any marked ability—Lyon and McClellan. Lyon may fairly be styled the conqueror of Missouri, and no one need be afraid to compare his splendid achievements with those even of Scott himself. He has subdued the rebels of a great, populous, warlike and powerful State without any aid whatever from the general government; has improvised armies, overcome mobs and rooted up rebellion wherever it was to be met with. McClellan has done almost as much in Western Virginia, and seemingly with very little effort. But in quickness and energy Lyon is so far ahead of all rivals in this war as to fairly stand forth the great man of the times, and, unless we are very much mistaken, he will soon be recognized as the leader raised up by Providence to provide against the demise of Scott. We do not hesitate to say that, if the veteran General-in-Chief were to die, Lyon, as far as present indications may be relied on, is the man for filling his place.

Yet when the war broke out, this profound military genius was occupying a civil station, after filling the office of a captain, in which capacity he had served with heroic gallantry in the Mexican war. Who can tell how many more there are like him condemned to drudge along in such positions, while persons of infinitely less ability are promoted to high places. How many men have we like Lieut. Slemmer, or the brave Greble? There are two of the free State leaders in the Kansas war who would make far better generals than a whole gross such as Pierce and Schenck. We allude to Montgomery and Jim Lane. It is stated that Lane is to be appointed a brigadier, but we hear of no mention of a like honor being conferred on Montgomery, who is a man of very decided military merit.—*North American.*

Type-Setting Machine Company.—This company has been organized for the manufacture and sale of type-setting machines, under patents granted to Charles W. Felt, of Salem, Mass., and has issued a pamphlet by which it appears that some three or four machines have been built, each approaching nearer the result, until the feasibility of the operation has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of various practical and scientific men who have examined it.

We are glad to know that success has crowned this labor of the inventor, commenced something more than ten years ago, for this is one of those inventions which, like the art itself, is destined to produce great changes in the community. The merchant, the business man, and the lawyer will in future have their various documents copied in print, securing greater accuracy and exact uniformity. The author will find his facilities for publishing greatly increased, and the public will enjoy the advantages of a cheap press more fully than ever, while the compositor's task will be changed from an unhealthy and irksome drudgery to an agreeable labor, that will stimulate his desire for improvement even more than the present system.

☞ If you have the feeling of hate or revenge, subject it to a severe process of mental chemistry; examine into its nature, its uses, its philosophy; and, before you have finished the scrutiny, it will probably vanish like a volatile essence into the air.

AFFAIR AT VIENNA.

Ohio Troops in an Ambuscade.—On the 17th, Gen. Schenck, of Ohio—a political general—left Alexandria with Col. McCook's 1st Ohio Regiment, to protect the London and Hampshire Railroad. Six companies were stationed at the various bridges on the route, so that when the train reached Vienna, only about 275 men remained. At a deep curve in the road a fire was opened from a small battery of two field-pieces upon a hill. Some of the Ohio men were killed at once, and others after they had disembarked from the train. At the first alarm the engine-driver, in affright, detached all but one car, and hastened back, leaving the men to look after themselves.

The rebels state that they had only 2 six-pounders and three companies—and that they succeeded in carrying off two wagon loads of arms, sixty blankets, and burning a baggage car, three gondolas and a lot of carpenters' tools.

On the part of the U. S. troops, 8 were killed, and 6 wounded, and 7 missing. On the part of the enemy, 6 are said (by the people of Vienna,) to have been killed.

It is reported also, that the number of the assailants was 1,500—which is probably exaggerated. The Ohio troops retreated five miles in good order, carrying their wounded. Two regiments were despatched to their relief from Alexandria.

When the train stopped, the engineer could not, on account of damage to some part of the running machinery, draw the train out of the fire. The engine being in the rear, the troops left the cars and retired to the right and left of the train through the woods. No attempt was made to pursue them.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been a moderate export demand for Flour during the past week, at about previous rates; some 9000 bbls found buyers, in lots, at $4,50@4,75 for spring Wheat, superfine; $5@5,25 for winter do, the latter for better brands, and $5@5,50 for common and good extras, including 1000 bbls City Mills do, at $5,75; 1100 bbls Jenny Lind family at $6,85, 2000 bbls choice Western family on terms kept private, and 500 bbls do at $6,50 ℔ bbl.—The sales to the trade have been moderate, and at irregular rates, mostly within the above range of prices, for superfine, extras and extra family, and $6,75@7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and drooping, with a small business only to note in the way of sales, at about $3,50 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is also dull and unsettled, and 400 bbls Brandywine sold at $2,87½ ℔ bbl, which is a decline.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair inquiry for Wheat, but the market has ruled dull and unsettled; sales reach 25,000 bus, in lots, at $1@1,05 for Western spring; $1,18@1,25 for winter Reds, the latter for prime Penna, $1,25@1,28 for Southern do, and from $1,30 to $1,40 for White, as in quality; at the close the receipts have fallen off very materially, and prices range at $1,22@1,23 for prime Western; $1,24@1,25 for Penna Reds; $1 for Chicago spring, and the market dull. Rye is lower, with sales of 4500 bus Penna, in lots, at 64@60c, mostly at the latter price for prime.—Corn has also declined, and some 30,000 bus have been disposed of at 54@51c for prime Southern Yellow, afloat; 51@50c for Penna do, in store, and 50@46c for Western mixed. Oats are dull, and about 20,000 bus found buyers at 30@28½c for Southern, and 31@30c for Penna, which is a decline.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally continues dull and drooping, and the sales, mostly in a small way, at irregular rates. Mess Pork is quoted at $17@17,50; 100 bbls city Mess sold on terms kept private, city Mess Beef is quoted at $14@16 ℔ bbl, and little or nothing doing. Of Bacon, the sales are also limited at 9@11c for plain and fancy Hams, 8@9c for Sides, and 6@7c for Shoulders. Green Meats are also quiet at 6½@8c for Hams in salt and pickle, 5¼@5¾c for Shoulders, and 7½c for Sides. Lard is lower, tcs and bbls selling as wanted at 9@9½c, cash and time; kegs are worth 10@10½c. Butter continues dull at 8@9½c, the latter for prime packed. Cheese moves off slowly at 7@8c ℔ lb. Eggs are scarce, and worth 12c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the market very firm. There is very little demand, some 400 bales found buyers at full prices, ranging from 12½ to 15c, cash, the latter for good middling Memphis.

ASHES.—There is a small business to note in both kinds at quotations.

BARK.—Quercitron continues in demand and scarce, with further sales at $28@29 for 1st No 1, including 29 hhds of a better brand at $32 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark continues dull and unsettled, with sales of Spanish Oak at $10@12, and Chestnut at $7@9 ℔ cord.

BEESWAX is dull, and good yellow is quoted at 30@31c ℔ lb.

COAL.—There is a steady demand for Anthracite to go East, at fully former rates; for home use the inquiry is only moderate at previous quotations.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but inactive, the stock of Rio being all out of first hands, with sales of some 1500 bags to note at 11½@13c, Laguayra in lots at 13½@13¾c, Maracaibo at 13¾c, and 200 bags St Domingo at 12½c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER.—There is not much doing in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and quotations are the same. A sale of the latter was made at 17c ℔ lb, on time.

FRUIT.—In dried Fruit there is little or nothing doing. Strawberries are abundant and low.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are firmer, but the sales continue light, prices ranging at 13 to 18c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are not inquired for.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the market for this staple; there is no quotable change in either Pig or Manufactured Iron, and the market for both is pretty much at a stand still.

LEAD is better, and 1000 pigs Galena have been disposed of on private terms.

LUMBER.—There is no change in White or Yellow Pine. Susquehanna boards range at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do, at $10. Raft Lumber sells at $6. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled, a sale of the former was made at $1,50. Southern Shingles are all out of first hands, of White Pine do, sales are making at $14@17 ℔ M, which is an advance.

MOLASSES.—The market is quiet, and the only transactions are some small sales Cuba at 16@18c, 4 mos.

PLASTER continues very dull, and in the absence of sales quotations are altogether nominal.

RICE is very quiet, and the sales, in a retail way only at 5½@6c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—There is little or nothing doing, and prices are nearly nominal. Some small sales of Cloverseed only are reported at $3@4 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS.—Foreign is firm, and for Brandies prices tend upwards, the demand, however, is very small. N. E. Rum is also quiet and quoted at 28@30c. Whiskey comes in slowly, bbls selling at 16½@17c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and hhds at 16½c, closing firmer and rather more active at these rates.

SUGARS are held with less firmness and about 1000 hhds, mostly Cubas, have been disposed of within the last day or two at 4½@5c for refining, and 5@5½c for grocer qualities, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unsettled and lower; city is quoted at 8¾@9c, and country at 8c ℔ lb, and little or nothing doing.

TOBACCO.—There is little or nothing doing, the trade generally are pretty well supplied.

WOOL.—The market continues unsettled and dull, and a few small sales, mostly low and medium quality, only are reported, at irregular rates; the market generally is very quiet.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1294 head. The prices realized were from $8,00 to 9,00 ℔ cwt. 60 Cows brought from $20 to 28 ℔ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from $2 to 4 ℔ head. 900 Hogs sold at from $5 to 5,50 ℔ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 22.—FLOUR is heavy; 7500 bbls sold.—Wheat is dull; sales of 35,000 bus (unsound qualities are declining,) Milwaukee Club $1,09@1,13. Corn is quiet, sales of 15,500 bus; mixed 42@49c. Pork is dull, Mess is unchanged. Prime $10@10,25. Lard is heavy and unchanged. Whiskey dull at 16½c.

How to Make a General.—The Cincinnati Gazette, speaking of General Schenck, before the Vienna affair occurred, says:—

"Now, the first thing that ought to be done with such a brigadier is to put him in charge of a drill sergeant, and have him drilled like the devil for a month."

This mode of making a general may account for some of the unfortunate mishaps which have happened to our troops when under the charge of such experienced officers. Some of them have not been "drilled like the devil" for even a month, but put on their military experience with their chapeau and spurs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
R. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Hestonville, June 8th, 1861, by the Rev. J. Pleasanton Du Hamel, George W. Bartholomew, Esq. to Miss Ducelia M. Du Hamel, both of this city. Del. and Maryland papers please copy.

In Pana, Illinois, on Monday, the 10th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Read, M. M. De Levis, to Miss Emily F. daughter of Moses Mandell, Esq. of Barre, Mass.

On Tuesday, the 18th instant, by the Rev. R. C. Matlack, T. Dwight Thatcher, Esq. of Lawrence, Kansas, to Miss Emma E. daughter of Wm. Heilman, Esq. of this city.

On the 13th instant, in the Church of the Evangelist, by the Rector, Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. Francis Sheller, to Miss Margaret Smith, both of this city.

Dec. 24th, 1860, by the Rev. H. M. Stuart, Robert W. Gray, to Rebecca E. McConnell, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. L. H. Christian, D. D., Mr. David Hamilton, to Miss Kate Gilfillan, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Sterrett, Mr. Joseph Church, to Miss Caroline Borrows, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, at Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, Pa. by the Rev. Jas. Sanks, Mr. Charles P. Hawkins, late of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah J. G. Prouts, of the former place.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Heischman, William W. Shepherd, to Louisa M. Orth, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Wilmington, Del. on third-day, the 18th instant, Sarah T. wife of Edward T. Bellah.

On Monday morning, the 18th instant, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D. in his 76th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Catharine Harrison, relict of Francis Harrison, and daughter of the late Lachlan McLean, of Scotland, in her 87th year.

On Wednesday morning, the 19th instant, Miss Frances Mintzer.

On Saturday, the 15th instant, at the residence of his father, The Cedars, N. J., Hartley Merrick, of the firm of Merrick & Sons, in his 23d year.

On the evening of Monday, the 17th instant, Hon. W. S. Clawson, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.

Suddenly, on the 17th instant, Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Rosanna and the late Peter Doyle, aged 39 years.

On Sunday, June 16th, 1861, Kate, wife of W. H. Tripple, and daughter of the late Rich. Buckly, aged 26 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. Maria M. Weisman, in her 60th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 22, 1861.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	18 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	60 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	14 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	2 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 2½ dis.
Kentucky	5 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	25 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	26 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	20 dis.
Mississippi	—		

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at low prices, with interesting contents, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, **102** Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, **111** Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.
oc20-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

No man is more skeptical of new cure-alls than I. Occasionally, however, I am agreeably disappointed. A few months ago I was partially bald, and apprehensive I should become permanently so. A friend who boarded with me, strongly recommended Burnett's Cocoaine for the growth of the hair, remarking, "It will make it grow whether it will or no." I used it about nine weeks, and can now boast of a luxuriant crop of hair, having cut it several times.—*Ed. Philadelphia R. E. News Letter.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a fœtid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, **242** Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium, send for a circular, giving full information.
ap27-10t T. T. SEELYE, M. D., Proprietor.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

FOR $1,00.

To meet the times, the *sixty-third* volume of Godey will be sent to subscribers for ONE DOLLAR. This volume comprises the six best numbers of the year, and will contain seven steel engravings, six of the large double extension fashion-plates, and all the winter cloak patterns.
je 22-3t L. A. GODEY,
323 *Chestnut St., Philadelphia.*

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.

The regular course of Lectures in this institution will *commence* on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and *continue* until the First of March, 1862.

The Commencement will take place early in March.

Fees.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean,
my18eow10t **1320** Vine Street.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

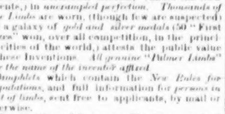
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to Ministers, Teachers, and Singers, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, **242** Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf



B. FRANK PALMER,

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. **1609** Chestnut St., Philad'a.—**1609.**

Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information *for persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
oc16-1y **1609** Chesnut St., Philada.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. Price $1. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., N. Y.

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, **242** Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

100 AGENTS WANTED, both Male and Female, to act as Local or Travelling Agents. Liberal wages will be paid. For terms, &c., apply or address, L. L. TODD & CO.,
je8-4t **112** Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE

SICK HEADACHE;

CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

ALL KINDS

OF

HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous* or *Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF

SPALDING'S

CEPHALIC PILLS,

WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

HEADACHE,

THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE

IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

Masonville, Conn., Feb. 5, 1861.
Mr. Spalding.
Sir:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.
Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.
Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.
Mr. Spalding.
Sir:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntington Co., Pa., January 18, 1861.
H. C. Spalding.
Sir:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.
P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. Spalding, Esq.
I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.
One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio, January 9, 1861.
Henry C. Spalding,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
Dear Sir:
Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

Wit and Humor.

EXPERIENCE OF AN OFFICE-SEEKER,

In which there is a great deal more Truth than Poetry.

Mr. Richard Rusty desired an office under the new administration, and he went to Washington to get it.

At home, Rusty was known as plain "Dick"—Dick Rusty, private in the "Volunteer Minute Guard," at Squam.

Dick Rusty had 'iled his seven dollar coat severely bearing a torch in the Wide-Awake processions; he had served as under Secretary at the town and county Conventions; he was the very first man in his neighborhood, who had thought of "Abe" for President, and he determined to be "counted in," sure, after inauguration. And so, carpet bag in hand, one fine morning recently, he found himself jogging up Pennsylvania Avenue, in the great city of "hacks and magnificent distances."

Washington is a very nice place! Dick had his "papers" with him, to wit, a few badly spelled and worse-written vouchers for his good character and "sterling" political principals, and, knowing himself (in his own estimation) sound on the goose, upon reaching Washington he sailed in for the little Government office he coveted in his native town.

Having carefully enveloped his credentials, he started them to the Department to which they were addressed, and sat himself down in the garret room of his boarding house to await an answer from the Hon. Secretary. And thus he *waited*.

One, two, three, five days, a week expired. But no reply by post, as he had expected. Now, this was a *very* singular circumstance, (in Mr. Rusty's opinion,) and the delay very unusual in his experience. Indeed, after a time, it came to look very much like a slight towards him. What *could* it mean? He wrote to inquire why his "little matter" had not been attended to. He got no reply to this, either! Again he addressed the Department upon the same subject. But he received no answer. This was an outrage. Whereupon, having waited another week, he determined, valiantly, to "know the reason *why*."

Mr. Rusty had not omitted to stir up the Hon. Representative from his district, (who assured him he would "look into his case,") and then he waited once more. He found the county editor, too, who chanced also to be an applicant for place, and *he* promised to attend to Mr. Rusty directly. And again he waited. Still no reply. And thus four weeks ran on, and Mr. Rusty's money ran out.

Astonished and exasperated, he started at length for the Department in person. He found at least six hundred persons there before him, all religiously bent upon an errand similar to his own. He waited six mortal hours in the great windy passage way, where he was squeezed, and elbowed, and jammed, and nearly suffocated; but still he struggled for his "turn." He got sight of the inner door just in time to see the Hon. Secretary emerge and pass out to his carriage for *home*. Business was over for the day, and the mob rushed down the stairs and retired!

But Richard Rusty, of Squam, was a man of business; so he followed up his object next day, and the next, and the next. At last he succeeded in getting inside, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Good-morning, Mr. Secretary," says Rusty, confidently; and he grasps the Secretary's hand like a "Son of Malta" who has passed his twenty third degree.

"Good-morning," responds the Hon. Secretary, blandly.

"Mr. Rusty—Richard Rusty, sir," adds our friend.

"Yes, very happy, Mr. Rusty. From *Indiana?*" queries the Secretary, shily.

"No, sir—no."

"Oh—ah, no. From *Illinois*, then?"

"No, sir. From Squam," says Rusty, modestly.

"Squam? Yes, yes. I remember Squam—*Maine*, I think."

"No, sir. Connecticut."

"Ah, yes. Very happy. Yes, Connecticut. Rusty, Squam. I know, now."

Mr. Rusty fidgets. So does the Secretary. Each is desirous to get out of the other's presence as soon as possible. And Mr. Rusty is duly referred, with his papers, to File Clerk No. 21, who (he is informed,) "takes charge" of his documents. Rusty retires in high glee. In his own judgment he has *won*.

He waits again. Three days—five, a week—a fortnight, but he hears nothing; and then he ventures to wait upon Mr. File Clerk No. 21, where he inquires about his "little affair." No. 21 has five bushels of unopened letters on his table when Mr. Rusty enters.

"What name, sir?" he asks.

"Rusty, sir. Richard Rusty."

Our office-hunter is not a little nettled to learn, as he now does for the first time, from the File Clerk, that Messrs. Busty, Custy, Dusty, Fusty, Gusty, Husty, Justy, Kusty, (lager beer manufacturer,) Lusty, Musty, Nusty, and Pusty, are all before him—on the list of applicants; for, unfortunately, our friend from Squam is always down among the R's.

But Mr. File Clerk No. 21 is a patient man and polite. He has been in the office a dozen years, and "will do anything to oblige Mr. Rusty," (except to give him any lucid information.) And so No. 21 refers the applicant to Mr. Jones, No. 44, next room overhead. Up goes Rusty. Mr. Jones sends him to Mr. Buff, fourth clerk, No. 56, up two flights further. Mr. Buff knows nothing of Mr. "Rusty Squam's case," but thinks Mr. Drab can inform him about it. Mr. Drab can't say certain, but directs the patient inquirer to Mr. Redd, down stairs, three flights, end of third passage to the left, north. Rusty has no compass with him, (and really couldn't use it if he had,) but he finds his man. Mr. Redd is very busy and very short, but has no doubt that Mr. Gray (whose duty it is to attend to these things,) can inform Mr. *Squamty* "what to do about it." He finds Mr Gray. Mr. Gray sends him to Mr. Green. Mr. Green forwards him to Mr. Bloo, (who speaks English very indifferently.) Mr. Bloo dispatches him to Mr. Brown, (there are thirty-seven Browns on the same floor,) and Mr. Brown hands him over to Mr. Black, up stairs, once more. Mr. Black knows nothing whatever of Mr. Rusty or his papers, and never heard of him or them; but civilly refers him back to Mr. Jones, where he started from.

By this time Richard Rusty is disgusted, and, thoroughly beaten out with running over the stone stairs, he concludes to go to his lodgings.

Next day he commences once more, and gets lost in the multifarious windings and turns of the great Department building. Before he has time to get his bearings again office hours have expired, and he returns again to his boarding house attic, to ruminate upon the mutability of human affairs generally, and of office seeking especially, concluding with the philosophical sentiment that "Jordan *is* a hard road to travel."

Desperate, next day, he finds "File Clerk No. 21," with whom he originally deposited his papers, and indignantly demands his documents. After waiting several hours, and making diligent search, with his papers in his hands, he is admitted to the presence of the Secretary, with whom—amid his despair and disappointment—Rusty has "a bone to pick."

"I'm Mr. Rusty," he says, abruptly, as he enters.

"Glad to see you," responds the Secretary.

"Yes; I s'pose so," says Rusty.

"Where from, Mr. Rusted?"

"Where *from?*" exclaims the applicant, who doesn't comprehend why the Hon. Secretary has forgotten him. "*Squam*, sir," he adds, vehemently. "Richard Rusty, of Squam."

"Ah, yes. I remember. Massachusetts—yes."

"No, *Sir!* Connecticut."

"Yes, yes. Exactly. New England—all same. When did you arrive, Mr. Rusted?"

"A month ago, 'n more. Now, what I'd like to know, sir, is, am I to have my office?"

"Office? What office, sir?"

"*What* office?" roars Rusty, amazed—"*what* office? Why, the one I asked for, of course?"

"Well, really—Mr. *Squam*, we are overwhelmed with business, you observe—"

"Rusty is my name, sir; *Rusty*, if you please."

"Very—very—indeed, I assure you," says the Secretary.

"*Sir?*" exclaimed the applicant, perplexed.

"Great confusion—terrible rush for everything, you see—no time to eat or sleep—but your little matter will be duly attended to."

"Can't you fix it now?" insists Rusty.

"Impossible, until I can examine your vouchers."

"Here they be," says Rusty, in triumph.

"Yes. Go to Mr. File Clerk No. 21—and—"

"No. I shan't," adds Rusty, bravely—"No, sir! You can't come that, you know, no more—on me! I've been there! He sent me to Jones, he to Drab, he to Brown, he to Gray, he to Green—and so on, to Blue, Grizzle, and Black. That's played out, Mr. Secretary! So, s'posing you sign, right here."

"Really, Mr. Musty, I should be glad—"

"Rusty, sir."

"Yes, Rusted, should be glad—but, everything 'in course,' you know. Must have system, you see."

"Then you won't sign?"

"Can't, at present, really," says the Secretary.

Mr. Richard Rusty, in his rage, deliberately tears his documents into shreds, and scatters them in the grate, exclaiming—

"It's all right, Mr. Secretary. I've been fooled, I have. I come all the way from Squam, spent nigh a hundred dollars, worn out two good pair o' boots a-trotting up and down these steps, and *I give it up—I do*. I'll go home to-morrow; and if you ever catch me a seeking office in this high old town again, you just cut my throat, and I won't grumble. Good-bye, Mr. Honorable Secretary."

"Good-bye," responds the head of the Department, with a smile, and Mr. Richard Rusty retires, packs his carpet bag, and returns to Squam, a wiser and a better man.

How many "Richard Rustys" have returned from Washington this season with such a big "flea in the ear" as the above denotes? Certes, more than one.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.—Charlie's wife is a very dear, loving, little woman, and an excellent housekeeper. The other day she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side, placing her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat-collar. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel!

"Husband," says she.

"What, my dear?"

"I was just thinking—"

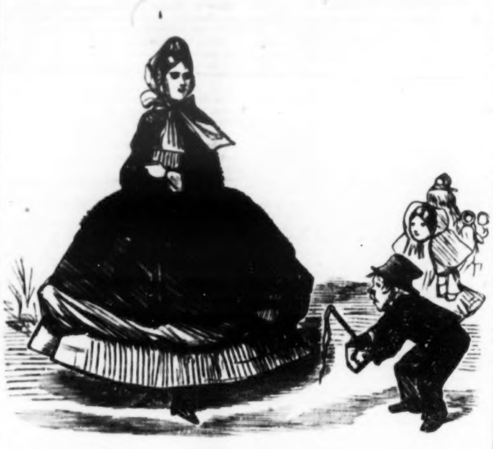
"Were you, my love?"

"I was just thinking how nicely *this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet*!"

AN IDYLL.—"Sit down, fair Phyllis, on the flowery bank, and while Philomel chants his roundelay, partake with me of this rural banquet I have made for thee."

Thus spake the shepherd, Corydon, to her he loved. And Phyllis sat down among the dewy grass, and then she found the *bank-net*.—*Vanity Fair*.

☞ The memories of the loved and lost steal upon us as "the sweet South upon a bed of violets;" they come like the breath from the gates of heaven's bowers, left ajar when they entered.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—"Oh, Johnny, I'm shocked to see you playing with your top. You should leave your toys at home on a Sunday!"

JOHNNY (quick, but impudent).—"Then why do you come out with your hoop?"

SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have over-topped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, oh, still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good, to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but his who grants them or denies them.
—*Aubrey De Vere.*

USE AND ABUSE OF SPURS.—But if the *uses* of the spurs are few, its *abuses* are many on the race-course. The eagerness and impetuosity of thorough bred horses to contend against each other are so great, that for a considerable time it is difficult to prevent them, especially young ones, from starting before the signal is given. As soon as they are "off," it becomes all that the best riders in the world can do merely to guide them—to stop them would be impossible. Occasionally their very limbs "break down," in their endeavors to win; and yet, while they are exerting their utmost power and strength, to the shame of their owners and to the disgrace of the nation, the riders are allowed, as a sort of show-off, to end the contest by whipping and spurring, which nine times out of ten has the effect of making the noblest quadruped in creation do what is technically called "shut up," which means that the ungenerous and ungrateful punishment and degradation that have been unjustly inflicted upon him have cowed his gallant spirit, and have broken an honest heart!—*The Horse and His Rider.*

☞ The Liverpool coroner reports that ninety nine infants have been killed by "overlaying," or being rolled upon in bed by their mothers, within the last year, in that city.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Take a quarter of a pound of soft soap, a teaspoonful of brandy, and a pint of gin; mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters, and iron it on the wrong side; it will look as good as new, and the process will not injure silks of even the most delicate colors.

TO TAKE STAINS FROM SILK.—Mix together in a phial two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce oil of turpentine. Grease and other spots in silks are to be rubbed gently with a linen rag dipped in this mixture.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—For this purpose use either white or red raspberries, only observing to use the best white vinegar with white raspberries, and red vinegar for red raspberries. To each pint of juice add one pint and a half or one quart of vinegar, of the common strength; or if it is strong or concentrated vinegar, use only equal portions. To each pint of this mixture, add two pounds of powdered loaf sugar, and proceed in every respect as for raspberry syrup.

DRYING RHUBARB.—Rhubarb dries very well, and when well prepared, will keep good for an indefinite period. The stalks should be broken off while they are crisp and tender, and cut into pieces about an inch in length. These pieces should then be strung on a thin twine, and hung up to dry. Rhubarb shrinks very much in drying—more so than any plant I am acquainted with, and strongly resembling pieces of soft wood.—When wanted for use, it should be soaked in water over night, and the next day simmered over a slow fire. None of its properties appear to be lost in drying, and it is equally as good in winter as any dried fruit. Very few varieties of rhubarb are suitable for drying, as most of them contain too much woody fibre. The best variety of rhubarb for any purpose is the Victoria, when grown in a suitable situation. The Mammoth is worthless, owing to its fibrous nature, as are also some other kinds.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Agricultural.

THE NON-SHOEING OF HORSES.

An East-India correspondent of the London *Field*, writes:—

Having seen several letters in your paper regarding the non-shoeing of horses, and I am myself an advocate for that principle, it may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers, and more especially to Lieut. Perry, to hear what I have found to be the case from my personal experience.

In December, 1859, I bought a horse, aged about three years, from a dealer at this station (Rajkote,) and which horse, on my first looking at him had no shoes; a day or two afterwards, when I again went to look at him, I found the dealer had shod him, and on asking him why, he answered that all officers did so and that therefore he had done it. After I bought the horse, I determined that I would take the shoes off, and that the more especially as I was about to go into the country, and should be away from any farrier, and should not consequently be able to get a shoe put on if any accident happened. I however thought it would be advisable to let them remain on for a month, so as to allow the hoofs to grow, which I did, and at the end of that time I had the shoes removed; and from that time up to January of the present year I never had a shoe put on him, or his hoofs touched in any way whatever. I have ridden him after wounded animals constantly, and over all kinds of ground, and never once was he any the worse for it. In January of this year my medical man prohibited my riding, and I accordingly then bought a curricle, and had the horse broke into harness (which, by the way, I may mention, only took six days,) and thinking then that there would be perhaps more wear and tear on the hoofs than there used to be when he was in the saddle, I had him shod, and for ten days he went very well. About that time I drove him out one day some seven miles, and on returning from shooting in the evening I noticed that his fore legs were a good deal swollen, and the hind one slightly so; but thinking that most likely he had got a thorn or two in his legs (for I had driven part of the way across country,) I took no notice, and on reaching home, as his legs had fined down to their usual state, I was the more convinced that my opinion as to thorns being the cause of his legs swelling was correct. The next morning his legs were again swollen, and after searching well I could find no thorn, and was at a loss to account for the state his legs were in; I therefore used fomentation and bandages, but no improvement took place. A day or two after a friend was dining with me, and I mentioned the case to him, and stated also my opinion that I thought it just possible it might be the shoeing. He looked at the horse and said that he could see nothing wrong in the way he was shod, but that all events it would do no harm to take off the shoes, which we did there and then, and the next morning a very great improvement had taken place; and by the following day all signs of swelling had gone down. I may mention that he never went lame all this time. Since then he has never been shod, and I have driven him over all sorts of ground, and he has never in any way shown any signs of lameness whatever.

Another case that I can mention is this:—When I broke the horse above alluded to into harness, I changed a pony I had, (and which, by the way, had never had a shoe on in his life, though he was seven years old,) for another horse, and which had always had shoes on, and I tried the experiment on him of taking off his shoes. At first he went tender but for about fifteen days I gave him but gentle work; and, now, two months since his shoes were first removed, he goes as well as possible, and that over stony ground or street work—in fact, over all kind of ground. This I think ought to prove that all horses, at all events, do not require shoeing.

I can further state, from my own knowledge, that none of the horses ridden by natives in this country are ever shod, and also that none of the hind hoofs of the horses of our cavalry corps on this side, have ever been shod, and none of them have ever suffered from the want of them.

Before concluding, I may perhaps be allowed to mention, that I think it more than probable that the hot, dry climate of this country tends to make the hoofs of horses and all other cattle much harder than the climate at home will do; and it may also be that horses out here are not turned out to graze in meadows, as they are at home, but run about the hard, stony country, and pick up their grazing in that way. If, however, artificial means were adopted to harden the hoof in England, is it not possible that shoeing might be done away with—at all events, in horses that have not got very thin hoofs?

AN ADVOCATE FOR NON-SHOEING.

MIXED CROPS.

It would seem to be good policy and the right way, to grow each crop by itself, and thus have the product clean and unmixed when needed for use. Still there is a belief among some farmers that many crops, when mixed, grow better, and are more productive than when grown separately and if used for provender are also better. We have an acquaintance who always grows wheat and rye together, barley and oats, also oats and peas. There is a propriety in sowing oats and peas together. The peas need something to cling to, and as oats ripen when grown with peas at about the same time, they make a very good support for the peas. Their mixture too for feed is much more nutritive for cattle or horses than either alone.

We have no doubt that a mixture of wheat and rye makes a provender much preferable to either of them alone; but our friend above named, contends that he actually obtains more bushels by mixing the seed and growing them together than if sown separately, and therefore, when he merely wishes them for stable feed, makes a gain by so doing. Whether this is really so, cannot be determined without comparative experiments in reference to that fact.

Every farmer knows how difficult it is to keep barley free from oats. They grow so kindly together that many actually believe that barley sometimes changes to oats, and the grain thus becomes mixed when pure seed barley was alone sowed. We have never subscribed to this doctrine, but have every year experienced the difficulty of obtaining a pure crop of barley where oats and barley were kept in the same granary or fed to cattle or horses separately, in the same stable. In the latter case, stray kernels of each will get in with the manure, and if this be used in an unfermented condition, on the land, some of these stray seeds will spring up and grow.

A writer in the Ohio Farmer strongly recommends growing oats and barley together, not only because he thinks they are better when mixed for provender, but because any grass seed sown with them will germinate and grow a great deal better. Oats alone make too much shade to allow grass seed to do so well when sown with them, as it will when sown with other grains. But he thinks that with oats and barley together, this trouble is obviated.—*Maine Farmer.*

There is no doubt, with many farmers, that wheat, sown with oats, produces plumper and better kernels than when it grows alone. On the same principle we calculate that clover, herdsgrass, and the red top grasses, yield more when together than when sown apart.

When farmers use the grain which they produce, no evil results from these mixtures, but, the joint product must be more nutritive—as all know that rye and Indian bread is much better than rye bread, or Indian bread.

When wheat is grown for sale the oats that are mixed may be separated without much labor; and if a few oats remain after sifting, they will not injure the flour. Oatmeal alone is a wholesome diet—not so solid or condensed as wheat, but yet good in its place, and really better for health than the purest wheat flour.

The time may come when millers will not object to buy wheat and oats mixed—paying less per bushel in proportion to weight—or in proportion to the increased product of wheat and oats sown together.

By sowing a mixture of wheat and oats we may possibly be rid of the troublesome worms and flies, which are apt to infest every wheat district. As oats never harbor the Hessian fly, or Midge, who knows that we may not be rid of these troubles by mixing other grain with wheat?—*Editor Mass. Ploughman.*

ROMAN OATS ON ENGLISH FARMS.—In a field of the farm occupied by Mr. Binks, at Peppermoor, near Alnwick, some ancient encampment long existed, which tradition ascribed to the Romans. The lapse of time and the spirit of agricultural improvement gradually obliterated almost every trace of them, and about a year ago the last of the whins which time out of mind had covered the ground where the Roman legionaries had trodden were cut down, and the land sown with barley. When the barley was ready for the sickle, Mr. Binks was astonished to observe several heads of strange looking oats amongst it. Some of them were unusually tall and strong, with long branching stemlets, whilst others had globular heads, resembling the seed of onion. Mr. Binks collected no less than seventy-five varieties never seen in the district before. He has sown the seed, and intends to exhibit a collection of them at the next show of the Alnwick Horticultural Society. The place, it has been conjectured, has been a cavalry camp; and the oats, which were perhaps ripened under other skies, after lying covered with the *debris* of the camps for (probably) fifteen hundred years, will again shoot into cereal beauty, and may add one or more permanent varieties to the stock of the English farmer.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Farmer.*

☞ Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

☞ The New London Star tells of an old fellow who visited that city, who, for the first time in his life, had a ride in the railroad cars. Noticing that there was a rush of passengers, he told the conductor that he should be willing to jump out and walk up the hills!

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 17, 7, 4, is a river in France.
My 22, 16, 3, 12, is a river in South America.
My 23, 21, 14, 1, 18, 22, 20, is one of the seceding States.
My 15, 2, 17, 21, 12, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 22, 6, 9, 13, 10, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 23, 15, 20, 22, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 5, 2, 22, 7, is a river in Mexico.
My 15, 14, 5, 21, 18, 11, is a town in Texas.
My 19, 7, is a river in Italy.
My 2, 15, 18, 22, 11, is a county in Illinois.
My 1, 6, 15, 8, 7, 9, 15, is a county in Tennessee.
My 19, 10, 16, 13, 6, is a river in British America.
My 9, 6, 15, is a lake in British America.
My 22, 14, 5, 18, 1, 23, 9, is a cape in Massachusetts.
My 11, 2, 5, 16, 22, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 13, 7, 15, is a cape in Massachusetts.

My whole was a memorable incident in the war with Mexico. W. W.

London, Tenn.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 13, 2, 15, 8, 21, 5, is a sensation which prevails when one of our national songs is sung.
My 4, 10, 19, is an article very much in demand now-a days.
My 26, 3, 20, 7, 9, 28, 11, is the name of a people who are mostly very ignorant.
My 2, 10, 1, 11, is what they live in.
My 18, 24, 22, is the nickname of a very influential gentleman.
My 27, 25, 17, is what he often reluctantly has to give up.
My 5, 14, 12, 16, 8, 28, 12, is a name for young ladies.
My 24, 28, 5, 21, is used very often on military occasions.
My 29, 6, 23, is an article very useful when naughty "rebellious children cut up."

My whole all nations revere and respect.

ALBERT.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With wild mien and strange mien,
With eye-balls all but burst,
He treads his narrow cell
With the look of one accurst;—
And his strange mien, his wild mien
Proclaim the man *my first.*

With loud tongue, tireless tongue,
For aye Sir Bombast tells
Of *ego* and his deeds,—
And telling, ever swells:—
And his tireless tongue, loud tongue
On *my second* ever dwells.

Father's hope, mother's hope,
Blithe as any bird;
Mischief in each act,
Joy in every word;—
Mother's hope, father's hope
While young, is *my third.*

With high fame, pure fame,
My whole, a patriot-sage,
Lives in a nation's heart,
And in historic page,
And his pure fame, high fame
Shall grow from age to age. PYM.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Odd and even, black and red,
Now and then a crowned head;
Lifeless, senseless, yet we play
Many an idle hour away.
Those who love us often deal
Harshly as if our hearts were steel;
What, our reader cries and starts,
Though you live not you have hearts.
Some of us the robbers wield;
Some are used in the field;
Some to courts still find their way.
Tell me what I mean, I pray?

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a steeple 100 feet high and 25 feet in circumference at the bottom, and gradually diminishing until it comes to a point at the top? Then suppose a squirrel should start at the bottom, going round (the same as the threads of a screw) until it reached the top, and every time it went once around it gained 1 foot in height, how far would it have walked when it reached the top? W. H. F.

New York.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a cistern in the form of the frustum of a triangular pyramid, whose top and bottom are equilateral triangles. The sides of the top are each 48 inches, and the sides of its bottom are each 60 inches, and its perpendicular height 72 inches. (Suppose it to be standing on a level plane.) If it be turned over till a straight line drawn from the lower side of the top to the upper corner of the bottom, exactly coincides with the surface of the water at every point, how many solid inches of the water will be poured out? W. K. GONDY.

Springfield, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should potatoes grow better than other vegetables? Ans.—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

☞ When do two and two not make four? Ans.—When they are 22.

☞ Why is a servant's garret like a comet? Ans.—It is 'er attic (erratic).

☞ What useful moral lesson might a pair of spectacles teach a drunkard? Ans.—To be content each day with two glasses.

☞ When is a trout like a bird? Ans.—When it takes a fly.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

TAUTALOGICAL ENIGMA — Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn at no other. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain. DOUBLE REBUS—Sheffield, in England. Sinai, Hindoostan, Enikale, Fezzan, Fleming, Iredell, Elmira, Loffaden, Dead. RIDDLE—Gates. ANAGRAMS—Sabine, Maskegon, Roanoke, Scioto, Clear Water, Minnesota, Little Wabash, Manisteo, Banister, St. Lawrence. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—25 days.